

# MEMORIES OF MASHONALAND







James and W. H. H. H.

MEMORIES  
OF  
MASHONALAND

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FRONTISPIECE—KHAMA.



# MEMORIES OF MASHONALAND

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## CHAPTER I.

### MASHONALAND OF THE PAST.

‘You should write a book about it,’ was said to an old friend of mine who had made a long journey in Africa; and his answer was: ‘I would sooner do the journey over again.’ I have had some such feeling when I have been asked to write a book on my life in Africa, so I have no intention of doing so; but if they will come into my head when I want them, and kind people will accept them ‘in the rough,’ I will try and put together sundry notes and recollections that may be of some little value to the cause I had in hand, and may also interest a few people. I do not say for a moment that all my views or facts are correct,

but they are, I believe, as correct as I am able to make them.

I wish to touch on a totally different aspect of Mashonaland to that which has recently come before English readers; but my friends in Africa know that it is Africa wild, rather than Africa civilized, that attracted me. And, though they may think my view very strange, they will forgive my saying something about it. The other view has many exponents.

The Mashonaland that I remember seven years ago was a very different place to the Mashonaland of to-day. For me its great charm vanished with the coming of the white men. When I first was there I heard of but two other white men in the country, and they only during the winter. But now, of course, the vast untouched wilds and the stillness have, to a great extent, vanished. There are many large tracts of land untouched yet, but they are out of the track of the waggon and the post-cart; and as we can no longer live in the old way, we have to live in the new way; and the new way means living more or less among camps, and stores, and dust, and noise.

The whole face of the country seems different. The old order has changed, and

the romance is gone ; but perhaps it is some comfort to feel that, rightly or wrongly, the change must have come sooner or later in Mashonaland. We as a nation went through it, and the Mashona are going through it ; and we must accept facts as they are, and be thankful that the powers that be in Mashonaland are as good friends as they are to us and our work.

The ordinary traveller of to-day sees the uglier side of Mashonaland ; indeed, it is hard to realize that such a place as Fort Salisbury or Fort Victoria is Mashonaland at all. He sees the uglier side, because the main roads of the country keep as nearly as possible to the centre of the watershed, so as to avoid rivers, while the beauty lies far away among the valleys and their streams. The road for two hundred miles to the south of Fort Salisbury might be described as an uninteresting plain, but about a hundred and twenty miles to the east of that road there is a dream of beauty. Taking Mashonaland as a whole, it is the only part of Africa that I know of to which can be applied Bishop Heber's lines :

'Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sands.'

There was many a valley there which was a vision of delight. Down the middle ran the little river with water so exquisitely pure that one grudged leaving any of it behind; either side seemed intended by nature for gigantic gardens, which ran up to the foot of the valley walls, that rose into almost impassable crags standing out against an azure sky. And then the colour of the trees when seen in the mass—for they are not individually striking—was gorgeous. The leaves of one kind alone had every shade from the deepest yellow to the brightest crimson. But I am afraid I missed many a lovely scene, as I wandered with my Mashona from one native chief to another, when I was too tired to care whether the road was beautiful or not. I only knew that it was steep, and rough, and long. But, as Canon Kingsley said of some place he went to see, I wouldn't *not* have been there. But these were not the places for Europeans to stay in long, for where the country is most beautiful in its luxurious vegetation, there fever seems to live, and the drier, less attractive spots are usually the best for a home.

Then the people, too, within the trader's travelling distance are changing every day. I

can remember the women of a tribe coming to stare at me as though I were a new animal, and the black children who were playing in the woods round the village, when they first caught sight of me, giving one look of speechless terror, and, unlike white children, who would have stood still and screamed, gliding without a sound, like young partridges, into the thickest covert, and taking advantage of every bush to get back home without being seen. Those were the days when one idea seemed to reign—terror of the Gaza raids here in the east of Mashonaland, as terror of the Matabele raids reigned in the west. In the woods they would make a labyrinth to prevent their being attacked unawares, so that when one found one's way to the huts in the middle, there were the huts, and pots, and baskets, but no people. They had escaped on the first approach of a stranger. But they preferred the open. One old chief lived with his followers on the top of a wind-driven hill, with no wood and no water; but it had the overwhelming advantage of having no covert near it, so no enemy could attack without being seen.'

But sometimes it was ourselves, and not the

natives, who played painfully active parts. Once I had travelled far to see an old chief, and we were met by his son, saying that the Gaza envoys were collecting the annual tribute of cattle, and we must hide till they had gone. So we were carried behind some rocks, and there we encamped and listened to the singing and shouting and beating of the tom-toms (much prolonged through one of the beasts having broken its leg, which made it necessary for it to be eaten) till our water-hole under the rock ran dry ; and, though I did not believe much of our host's assertion that if the Gaza people found us they would take everything we had, yet we were glad to see them go, watching them, as one of my black servants, Isaac, said, like rock-rabbits watching the dogs. That man is now an admirable catechist in Basutoland ; and, if this is ever read to him, how delighted he will be to think I've remembered what he said.

Those days are gone ; but there is plenty of romance of a wild, rough kind many a mile away to the north, past what is usually called Mashonaland, along the banks of the Zambesi. Mr. Selous found it among the Mashukulumbwè, and, what is more remarkable, got away again

to tell the tale. I have never seen the Mashukulumbwè ; but on the north bank of the Zambesi, some sixty miles north-east of the Victoria Falls, I found the marks made by their neighbours, who had just been battering Zumbo, and had then crossed and battered the stockaded town on the other side, though it was said to have a large number of fighting men. So it was not surprising to find the ruins of a stone building and an old bell not far off, and to be told that missionaries had lived there once, but that they had all been killed many years ago.

I am inclined to think that the romance of the inland Zambesi will last for years to come. The difficulty of getting there, the difficulty of living there, the difficulty of doing anything when you are there, will keep for it its heritage of isolation. The place where I struck it nearly seven years ago was directly south of where Dr. Livingstone died ; and the shade, or rather the halo, of Dr. Livingstone seemed quite near. It was very fascinating to be gliding down the very river he went down, and past the very villages that he went past ; and one felt what the attraction was that calls men back and back to Africa. When no tribal

war was going on the atmosphere was one of perfect peace; the villages were few and far between, and there was scarcely a sound besides the blowing of a hippopotamus as he sank under the water, or the splash of a crocodile as he dropped off the bank when the boat came too near. In the frequented parts of the Zambesi, where he has been hunted, the hippopotamus is a dangerous companion in a deep reach; but in those parts he only stared; and when we have been stuck on a sandbank an old male has stood and watched us a hundred yards off, apparently taking the greatest interest in the struggles of the boatmen to float us again.

The boatmen never rowed except they sung; and the Zambesi boat-songs seem to belong to the Zambesi, and can only be associated with the flat-bottomed boat, the reed awning, and the man standing in the bows with his boat-hook to avoid the shallows; with the steersman standing in the stern, holding the tiller with his toes, and the chorus in time with the dip of the paddles (it is sounding in my ears as plainly now as the day I first heard it), with the sun, and beauty of the ever-changing view, as the boat turned one corner after another,

surrounded by the never-changing quiet and peace.

My interest then lay chiefly with the people, but I fear that I learnt little. A never-ending succession of different tribes with different variations of languages—of which I knew practically nothing—each tribal language shading off into the next, made a series of links, unless I am much mistaken, between the Seshona (*i.e.*, the language of the Mashona) and the Yao language, as spoken near Lake Nyassa.

The native customs were strange. Among others, some tribes they told me of to the north of the Zambesi eat dogs as their greatest luxury, and these 'dressed' in the nastiest possible way. But, to look at, nothing can be more repulsive than the custom of wearing the lip-ring by the women of one tribe—the Basenga. No picture that I have seen conveys any idea of its hideousness; for the picture in Dr. Livingstone's book, for instance, represents an ordinary face with the top lip stretched out at right angles, while the faces that I saw had rings in both lips, and were dragged so entirely out of shape by them that they were more like little pigs' faces. This painful end is gained by a small round piece of metal being put flat

into the lip when the woman is young, and by its being enlarged as she grows. I am afraid they were conscious that I thought them odd, for, though I tried to look at them without their seeing me, they kept their heads turned away as much as possible.

But they were industrious people along the banks of the Zambesi. They built square houses and made tiles for them, and had sugar manufactories on a small scale, and drove a trade in ivory on a large one, and were carriers between Zumbo and the sea. Where they have picked up Portuguese customs their boats were built of planks; but their own custom was to hollow out the straightest section of a gigantic tree, and I have seen some dug-out canoes about thirty-three feet long, and how old no living man, I think, could say. I gathered that they were made out of the trees that grow along the Ruangoa river, that runs into the Zambesi near Zumbo. I am quite aware that Dr. Livingstone calls it the Loangoa river, and he is in all probability right, and I am wrong; but in the curious sound composed of *l* and *r*, that a native only can pronounce, the *r* seemed so prominent when the river was mentioned that I write it down as I thought I heard it.

The Ruangoa river was said by the natives to come from Lake Bangweolo ; or, rather, if this be so, it would come from the 'sponges' that Dr. Livingstone speaks of near the place where he died.

The natives along the banks are much better mannered than the Mashona. They clap their hands for salutation and for thanks ; and the northern Mashona have adopted this in parts. The women in some cases wear a modified lip-ring, and on meeting a man on the road turn to one side, and in some cases curtsy. Scarcely any skins are worn by the people, calico being obtained from the Portuguese.

One town that I slept in was palisaded round. In the centre was the chief's house, with those of his attendants in a square, forming a kind of inner fortress which would have resisted a strong force without cannon. They have a curious gun that has to be 'worked' by two men, as it is too long and heavy for the one who fires it to hold it steady without support ; so another man takes the muzzle on his shoulder and acts as a rest.

Was there slavery along the upper part of the Zambesi ? I cannot tell. I found six women chained together at a native town, but

I was assured that they were being punished for stealing. Again, a boy, who said he was a slave-boy belonging to a native chief, was given to my servants when I was away, and, before I discovered his existence, carried too far to be sent back; and nothing would induce him to leave us, though I explained that he was free. However, he solved all difficulties by dying, the cold nights of high Mashonaland in winter, after the tropical heat of the Zambesi valley, bringing on some kind of disease. I certainly paid the Portuguese a lump sum for men and a boat to take me down the Zambesi; but the crew seemed to be ordinary servants, and they demanded more money at the end of the journey in a most unslave-like way. The authority of the Portuguese seemed to be exercised in the native towns through a headman, who, in the cases that I saw, was either a half-caste or one of a superior tribe to the people he ruled. One of these—a young chief on the south bank—said he belonged to the Ba-Nyungwè, *i.e.*, people of Nyungwè or Tete, and that he had been educated at Tete, and that the people owed all the civilization they had to the Portuguese. He told me that the late King of Portugal had forbidden all slavery.

I remember that he had a very gentle little black wife, and was very proud of knowing that Queen Victoria was reigning in England.

The natives over whom these headmen bear viceregal authority seemed to belong to distinct tribes, and in the people's minds the distinction was clearly kept. It was the Valenghi tribe, under a chief called Buruma, leading his allies, which had lately attacked Zumbo. It was the Chacunda that lived on the south of the river opposite Zumbo. It was the Mutandi and Banyai tribes that lived to the east of these, between them and the Umsengaisi river. Opposite them again, on the north bank, lived the Vapendi; above them again, the Basenga, where the women wore the huge lip-ring. To the east of the Umsengaisi live the Atavara. And so on. And the people are quite clear and decided in their distinctions both as to tribes and localities. For instance, all maps (till the Geographical Society published mine) had, I believe, put the Shidima country to the west of the Umsengaisi river. The people on the Umsengaisi wouldn't have this at all. The Shidima country, so they insisted, is away to the east of the river. The Basenga must be distinguished from the Basungu. The

Basenga are the truest of natives. Basungu is the native name for white men, and it is the name usually given to the Portuguese, and I think also to half-castes.

Directly one gets a few miles away from the Zambesi the traces of civilization drop off. No doubt the greater fertility of the ground there has much to do with it, and the river, being a waterway, makes progress easier. Portuguese influence seems to extend a comparatively short way to the south. One of their headmen, a half-caste, or else one of the Ba-Nyungwè, lived for a time some little way from the river, but we were told the lions made him break up the settlement and go back to the river. One hears of Portuguese half-castes wandering inland to the south, and it is some time before the last traces of their travels die out; they can be traced by the people wearing calico instead of skins. About twenty-five miles to the south of the Zambesi there was a peculiarly neat form of enclosure shutting in the chief's huts. The huts were, as usual, made of piles put in the ground and plastered with mud, and had the usual roof of reeds; but a fence of great neatness and regularity ran round, and the general cleanness and order seemed to be above the

unaided native mind of these parts. I think it was traceable to the Portuguese.

But all this is separated from Mashonaland proper by a low-lying plain, where the air seems always sultry, even in winter, and the vegetation grows in wild luxuriance—the native grain will grow some twenty feet high—and the tsetse fly abounds.\* It is so thinly populated that nature is practically untouched, and the weird silence through miles of travel leaves a strange mark on the memory. But I have wandered away from Mashonaland, and I must go back to it again.

\* There is some strange property in the sting of the tsetse fly, to which attention does not seem to have been generally called, that makes it apparently as harmless to the thinnest-skinned antelope as it is to a buffalo ; that makes it fatal, if only enough tsetse fly sting it, to any domesticated animal : but on man, the most domesticated of all living things on earth, it seems to have hardly any effect. \*

## CHAPTER II.

### SOME NOTES ON THE PEOPLE AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

WHAT is Mashonaland? It is the country of the Mashona. And who are the Mashona? I never found anyone who knew. All that I know about them has come from old chiefs and such authorities, usually through my native teachers and catechists. I would not say that they are necessarily correct, but if they are wrong I do not know anyone to put them right. Our leading catechist was accredited with being the best Seshona scholar existing, and he certainly lost no information for want of asking, for he seemed to me to live either asking questions or discussing something with someone.

The people we call Mashona did not know themselves by that name. It seems to be a

nickname given by the Matabele, and means 'tripe-cleaners,' in allusion, apparently, to their eating the insides of animals. Another name they are known by is Makalaka, also given by the Matabele — meaning, roughly (not accurately), 'old women' — and conveys the Matabele's opinion of the courage of the Mashona. Among themselves each tribe has, I think, some name, though they are usually known by that of their chief. But there is a large collection of these tribes who, with variations, speak one language, and are very similar in looks and customs. Their appearance might lead one to suppose they had Arab blood in their veins; but where they come from no one knows. The account that I considered most reliable tells how the Barotse were lords of the land, with the Mashona under them; how their cruelty goaded the Mashona to revolt; and how the dispossessed Barotse remained dispossessed till the Matabele came, marching their 'impis' through them, and driving the bulk over the Zambesi near the Victoria Falls, and leaving the rest in the south near the Sabi river, where their old chief Sipiro used to tell stories of the days gone by. I think that he will tell you, if he is not dead by now, that it was his people

long ago who built what is known as Zim-babue, and that he is the last of the tribe in those parts who speaks the old Barotse language.

It is unfair to the Mashona to judge them as they are now. We only see them as a subject race, long harried on one side by the Matabele, on the other by the Gaza people. Their spirit is gone ; but there is no reason why, if they are properly treated, it should not come back. I am afraid that now they are cowards, and are not ashamed of it ; but they have retained in parts a good deal of savage brutality. I remember being asked in one of the out-of-the-way parts whether it was right for the young chiefs to kill people when they met them. This was the bald way in which the question was put. It seemed to be a kind of prerogative of the ' young bloods ' that, if they met an unoffending traveller, they might, apparently in cold blood, assegai him. However, I never heard of it being done.

Once, travelling some thirty miles south of the Zambesi, I nearly walked over a human skeleton, and asked my carriers what was the history of it. ' It was someone who had been killed for his beads.' It didn't seem a matter

of much importance. Human bones and skulls near the 'waters' were apparently too common to attract much attention.

But I have better reason to remember this habit. A young man called Fr  derick Forster, who had not been very long in Africa, had promised to meet me at Buluwayo in 1888, he arranging to go in at the mouth of the Zambesi, while I struck the Zambesi from the south. He left Zumbo after coming up the river, went a few miles south, and was never heard of again. When I questioned one of the men who had been with him, he made, as I think, a mistake in describing the geography of the country that Forster had passed through. Now, I never knew a native make a mistake in his geography, and so I concluded that he had never been where he said he had, and that there had been foul play. I could trace Forster to a particular village, but no farther, and I found his canoe on the Zambesi. He, too, I believe, had been 'killed for his beads': for this was seven years ago, and I have never heard of him since. And it was from no fault of his own as a traveller, or because he could not work in with the natives, for he had made a very remarkable journey before this—so much

so that a well-known man who died in Africa said : ' They speak of what *we* have done, but it is nothing to what Forster did.' So I cannot feel that even the less savage tribes in these parts are always to be trusted.

As to the customs of the Mashona it is very difficult to speak. First, because so many have been spoken about before ; secondly, because they vary in different parts ; and thirdly, because it is hard to get at the truth about them. Then, again, the fact of there being no close connection between all the tribes that are called the Mashona people, and the great area over which they are spread, makes it practically impossible to speak about Mashona customs as a whole.

For instance, in their treatment of twins, I gathered that they often killed both by putting them into a pot and covering them with hot ashes ; but I have heard it said that only one of the two was killed.

An account of a Mashona funeral, as seen by one of our missionaries, the Rev. A. Walker, brings the scene very vividly before us :

' Chitula, a son of Chipunza, the most important of Makoni's tributary chiefs, had been long friendly towards the mission. It is not

a month since he brought about forty men from his kraal to dig up and sow a piece of our ground with ufu, the native's staff of life. I could not but admire the man as he sowed the corn after his men had roughly prepared the ground. He looked every inch a chief—tall and well-proportioned, with rather stern, regular features. I was surprised and sorry to hear last Sunday that he was dead—poisoned by his enemies, as every native asserts.

‘His funeral was to be on the following Tuesday, and messengers were sent to every kraal within twenty miles. But, to allow distant friends time to arrive, the actual burial was fixed for the Wednesday following, after sunrise. When we arrived on Tuesday morning we found Chipunza holding audiences with groups of visitors from neighbouring kraals. He was seated on some high ground above his kraal, under an awning made with a few green branches. He looked very dejected, but noticed every little thing that occurred.

‘A number of chiefs, indunas, and head-men were seated round him, slowly clapping their hands in unison; but at each fresh arrival the clapping ceased until they had “touched hands” with their friends, and given the usual greet-

ings, when it solemnly began again. Close to this group there was a rough enclosure made of dead branches, and here a crowd of natives were dancing monotonously to the sound of two drums, and singing an equally monotonous song. But inside the hut, where Chitula's body lay, I was told that really beautiful dancing was going on to the music of their native hand-instrument, a kind of rude zither. This dancing and singing went on all that day and the following night until the actual burial took place on Wednesday morning, the performers relieving one another.

'Some of the dances were accompanied by the firing of guns, which is a great institution among the Mashona; and they seem to have got hold of all the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, from a flint-lock to a Boer "roer." Knowing of this custom, Frank, the catechist, and I had brought our rifles, and at a suitable moment we fired a few shots, which pleased them all. Chipunza called Frank and told him how pleased he was that we had come to show our sorrow for Chitula, and asked him to accept a fowl, as it was customary to give presents on these occasions. I noticed that many natives had brought with them goats, fowls, corn, rice,

or meal, intended, doubtless, as contributions to the food needed for so large a gathering. Soon afterwards we left, promising to be present at the concluding ceremonies.

‘Early the following morning we went to the place “where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,” and found it among the ruins of a very large kraal (village), where the ancestors of this tribe used to live before the coming of the Matabele, and when their only enemy was the Manica chief, Umtasa. Remains of a deep moat, portions of strong walls well built of faced stones, and countless foundations of equally well-built huts, all spoke plainly of a prosperity that has passed away. We soon heard the funeral song of the procession, and saw a large crowd of three or four hundred natives slowly coming across the valley. They were singing an evidently well-known song, with clearly-defined notes, pitched in a minor key, like most native music, while the chief mourners gave loud, shrill, yet plaintive cries of “Ya-ma-mai-wé!” It was a dense crowd, but with no confusion, and in the middle was the rude bier, carried on the shoulders of eight friends, with the body of Chitula entirely wrapped in white limbo (calico). As the pro-

cession came on, about a dozen men would rush out in front, dancing wildly, and throwing out their arms and legs quite frantically, apparently in a savage attempt to show the depth of their grief, and then suddenly crouching on the ground. At other times the whole procession would stop while men with guns advanced and fired, as though some enemy were about to interrupt.

‘The singing ceased as the ruins were reached, and general wailing began while the bier was carried in through a gateway in the wall that was still in a fair state of preservation. Then it was taken to the foot of a huge block of granite, almost round at the base, so that the bearers were able to place the body completely under the rock. Then they set to work to make Chitula’s final resting-place secure; some made mortar, others brought stones from the ruined walls. Before the body was built in, women brought green branches which they had carried in the procession from the kraal, and laid them by the body, just as wreaths are placed at home. The gun-firing was very frequent by the grave—a part which the young bloods seemed to take great pleasure in. At one time a small procession of men, mostly

armed with guns, came up to the grave chanting quite a funeral dirge, and then fired a volley; but the behaviour of the flint-locks and of the oft-discomfited owners detracted from what might otherwise have been solemn. The chiefs and head-men sat down in a group on one side of the rocky tomb, while on the other sat the real mourners, Chitula's relations and friends. The women among these had ashes on their heads, but others had used white mealy flour instead of ashes—a kind of complimentary mourning; and both the brother and sister of Chitula had actually cut off all their hair, with its bead adornments—an unmistakable sign of grief. It was pitiful to see the real sorrow of these people as they crouched there, wailing and weeping, with tears literally streaming from their eyes. Then everyone began to go away, leaving only those who were building up the grave, and Chitula's relatives, who, I was told, would stay there all day and the following night, mourning.

‘As we went away we could only look forward to the time when these poor mourners would no longer be without the Christian hope and consolation. It is not yet, but we trust it is coming.’

In one part of the country they were intent upon keeping up the idea that the chiefs never die, and a strange way they adopted to do it. After death the body was put into a hut and surrounded with meat, and left till the whole became a putrefying mass, endued with other life; then what was believed to be the chief's body was taken from the mass and put into a cave, and they were satisfied that 'the chief never dies.'

Anything which suggests limits to his power, is considered more or less an insult to any great chief. There was a tradition that one of the first missionaries, when preaching in the presence of Umziligazi, the Matabele king, alluded to the 'King of the whole earth,' and that immediately he was stopped by Umziligazi on the pretext of showing him something about a waggon-wheel. The theory that anyone but Umziligazi himself was king of the whole earth was a reflection on the chief in the presence of his people.

The Mashona marriage customs vary. It may be considered a general rule, in the Africa of which I know anything, that men bought their wives; but one chief in Mashonaland gave his daughters (not, I presume, invariably)

to the poorer men of the tribe who could not afford to buy wives.

The Mashona behave to their women with more consideration in everyday life than is customary among their neighbours. Women, of course, do a very large amount of the work, but the general carrying is usually done by the men. In trading with Europeans, if there is a long way to go, the men carry the goods. I know that the great admirers of the Zulus defend the custom of the women carrying the heavy weights on the ground of the necessity of the men having their hands free to carry arms, and attribute it to the chivalry of the Zulu ; but the fact of the great weights being carried by women remains. I can quite believe that they get used to it ; and, having done it from childhood, they have the perfect uprightness of figure which makes carrying comparatively easy. It is most striking to see a woman standing talking to a friend for a considerable time with a huge pot of water on her head. No doubt the head is a comparatively easy place on which to carry loads. Once when I was short of carriers, and had to carry a small load for some distance, I found it almost impossible till I put it on my head. Women are

used as regular paid carriers near the Zambesi. My servants once employed some when I was away ; but the custom is rather repugnant to our European ideas.

I am afraid the Mashona are a very dirty race. *In this they differ entirely from the Zulus and their cognate tribes.* Once I asked one of my men, who was almost a pure Zulu, what had made him ill, and he said it was because he had not washed his face that morning—‘ You always have a headache if you don’t wash your face.’ But the Mashona have no such ideas. Their kraals are a model of picturesque dirtiness. When I have arrived at a village too late to choose a clean spot, I have been startled next morning at the dirt of the place in which I have slept. At a short distance the collection of huts is picturesque beyond words. As a rule, it is on a hill composed of big granite boulders. That in itself is sufficiently beautiful. Sometimes the hill takes the form of a huge rounded mass of granite. Then the action of the rain, and dew, and sun seem to have no appreciable effect on it. But it is when the hill becomes disintegrated by the action of water and sunshine, and falls to pieces, leaving immense blocks

lying one on the top of the other, looking as though the Titans had been there at play, and the many-coloured trees grow in the clefts, that it is most striking. Then on and under and between these rocks the Mashona build their houses, at every possible level, up and down the hill. Sometimes two huts would be put on one slab, or the huge slab with its one hut would be a playground for the naked black children. I have seen them playing about on an overhanging rock at a height which would turn an English nurse sick with fear; but no one seemed to mind, and the children did not fall.

The approach to the village was usually through a gate made of strong double uprights, each pair on either side having room enough between them to take a log of wood. The 'door' was shut at night by a number of logs of wood being dropped one on the top of the other between the uprights. This door was put, when possible, near two huge boulders.

In many cases, owing to the way in which the rocks had fallen, the villages would have been almost impregnable without artillery. They would say, perhaps, in that country that no one but a Matabele would have attacked them, and

no one but a Mashona would have lost them. But the Mashona seemed paralyzed at the sight of the Matabele, and the strongest defences were abandoned. It was the more strange as in some cases they had evidently spent time and labour on most elaborate fortifications. At one place that I know of they did make a stand, with the result that a good many Matabele were killed ; this seemed to have astounded the Matabele so much that they went back to their king, who, I believe, punished them still further for having been failures.

Of course, when there were no such defences, resistance was never of any use. One village—Situngwisa's—that I passed in the open some years ago had been marked on the map that Mr. Selous gave me as destroyed by the Matabele not very long before. Since then the Mashona had come back to it again, and again the Matabele had raided it just before I went there. It was very piteous. There were their gardens and their little arrangements for keeping away wild animals, but not a living soul near. I think this village was in an unfortunate place, for it was not very far from where the Matabele used to encamp when they were raiding in these parts. There

was a huge tree there, which, from its being unlike any known tree, was called 'the tree without a name.' It could be seen for miles, and was an admirable meeting-place.

Well, after one had gone through the 'gate' into a Mashona village, the picturesqueness gave place to dirt. The huts are a strange contrast to the Zulu or Matabele huts. There you see the most exquisite neatness. The wall of the Zulu hut is made of mud and other material, solid, smooth, and strong. The roof is most perfectly thatched. The floors are usually made of beaten earth polished with bullock's blood, so that it is almost like polished stone. Some I was told of that, after the hut had been burnt down, were exposed to the weather for two or three years, and still remained hard and polished. The Mashona hut has no beauty to lose. Upright poles sunk into the ground side by side, and smeared with mud, which it does not take much rain to wash down, form the walls. The roof is made of grass put on in the roughest way, and secured with string made of bark. The only solid part of it, when it has one, is the door. That is made of a huge slab of wood, hewn or sawn out of a tree that must have been about three

feet in diameter. These doors seem to be heirlooms in the family, and some must be very old.

When you have gone through the door, you come to more dirt. I do not think I have ever slept in a Mashona hut that had been used by a Mashona; of course, I constantly slept in huts built by Mashona, but after their family life had begun it was preferable to sleep outside. The doors are very low, but Mashona find no difficulty in getting through them; even the cattle have sometimes to get through them. This they do easily enough as calves, but as they grow they have to stoop: and when full grown, they have to bend down, as a man would do, to get through the door.

A graphic sketch of life in and round a village in modern Mashonaland has lately been given in a letter by Archdeacon Upcher, published in the Mashonaland Quarterly Paper.

‘As Pelly is here, he and I are making a little expedition to Unyanwenda’s. Our last visit to Chidamba’s was interesting. We first went through eight miles of the Guibi river flats, with no trees, only ant-hills, and burnt and dry grass alternately. Once we found ourselves ahead of our boys, and we found they

had stayed to collect locusts, which, after roasting slightly, they eat with their Kaffir meal. In some of the kraals (villages) we saw heaps of them collected for use. Every place has some redeeming feature ; parts of these flats were lovely with flowers—acres of them. At last we came to some trees, where the boys boiled our kettle, and we had some food. Then on again, with the sun very hot, past a spot where, two days before, a lion had bitten a piece out of a native's leg, besides peeping into our new catechist's hut to see what he was like.

‘In the distance, on a high ridge, we began to see the first native church built in Mashonaland. It was hard work at the end of the long walk to climb up to the kraal, but once there we found many of the men sitting waiting. After shaking hands with the chief, we went on to Jacob in the mission hut, which is roomy and clean. Next day I visited the chief and his sister, both huts being beautifully clean. They have a good many cows, goats, and fowls, and the chief sent us some milk as a present, with some mealy porridge and meat nicely cooked in a pot. I told the chief we only wanted to tell him and his people of God,

and His great love to men. Then Pelly told him of his tour, and how the great chiefs had all asked for teachers, and one had been trying for years to put down evil, and that Chidamba must do the same; if it was hard work, God would help him. We asked if he had understood, and he said: "Yes, but I feel like a little child, and need teaching."

Huts naturally differ. In one that I went into, in 1888, all that could be distinguished at first was that the inside was very dark and dirty. On a raised part lived three goats. In the middle was the fire, and as there was no kind of hole for the smoke to escape, the soot hung in large strings from the roof. A mat was brought for me to sit on. Some men came and sat in the hut beside me, among them a boy, who was smacked and turned out. I gave my usual message to the chief, telling him who I was and what I taught. Some parts of what I said they listened to seriously, at others they laughed. They had never seen a teacher before—so they said. As I came out of the hut the chief's son pointed me out his wife. This was exceptional, as women are not usually noticed. She was carrying a little black baby, which I said was pretty. 'No,'

she said, 'it is ugly'; and I dare say she was quite right.

Near the same village they were smelting iron; indeed, their chief industry is in iron. They take the ore out of the pit in baskets; and from one well-known pit there are paths in every direction leading to the villages around. When ready the ore is put into furnaces to be smelted. It is all very primitive, and much on the lines that Tubal Cain might have worked. In one shed some forty feet long were six little furnaces some two and a half feet high made of burnt clay. Behind each sat two men working a bellows in each hand. The bellows were made of a goat-skin with a hole in the top under the man's hand; this was pressed on to the ground to drive the air through a clay pipe that was joined on to the furnace. The ore is poured into the top of the furnace in alternate layers with charcoal mixed with a little fat, and the iron runs out at the bottom.

Near was the smithy, a shed. There the molten iron was made into hatchet-heads, assegais, bracelets, notes for their musical instruments, hair-pins, hoes, and other tools. The only implements of the forge are stones

of various sizes, round or oval. These are both anvils and hammers.

In this especial village the chief was the leading blacksmith; but whether the family had originally been made chiefs on account of their prowess, or he had risen to his responsibility as chief and become the best blacksmith, I did not find out.

All Mashona cattle, and, indeed, all their animals, are small—tiny cows, goats, chickens. A man once offered me a goat rather larger than usual, and asked a proportionate price. I told him it was too much to ask for a goat. ‘A goat?’ he said; ‘that is not a goat: it is an ox.’ But when we consider how constantly their cattle were taken from them by Matabele or Gaza people, it speaks well for their perseverance that they had any at all. They are a painstaking, persevering people when working at what they understand. Their blankets they make of bark, and dye them, and they are very warm and strong; but their chief clothes are skins, worn as loin cloths, and, as a rule, horribly dirty. [From bark, too, they make their bags or sacks for carrying grain, their hunting nets and baskets. Their mats are usually made of a beautiful yellow reed; but

in the south-east the people make their baskets and mats out of thin broad strips of wood, and they are both useful and ornamental. Their string they make from bark, so when they are travelling they have a ball of string nearly always handy. If a carrier's load comes undone, in a minute a branch is pulled off a tree, the bark is stripped off, and the under layer is used to tie up their parcel. In tying they have a third hand in their foot, that they use when we would ask someone to put his finger on a half-finished knot. The beads that they wear as ornaments come from Europe; and though they may have got them from the coast for unknown years, they cannot come under the head of Mashona products.

It is delightful to see them go up a tree. It must not be so large that they cannot get their arms half round it; but if they can hold on with their hands, they don't climb as a European would, but they walk up the tree. Then their way of cutting off a branch is different to ours. They want both hands; so they will stand on the branch with their back to the tree, and cut it off near their toes.

Their hunting-nets also they make of bark. They are about five feet high, as far as I can

remember, and are stretched across narrow valleys. Then the whole country side is beaten up, and the antelopes are driven into them. But their pits are the usual means of catching animals. They are long and narrow and deep, sloping down in a wedge shape towards the bottom.

The 'hopo' that Dr. Livingstone gave a picture of in his first book is now never used, I believe, in Mashonaland. This is made of two fences of great length joining at an angle, and where they join—or, rather, almost join—there is a deep pit. The antelopes are driven in at the broad end, and, with the men behind, their only way out of the enclosure is into the pit. I found the remains of one not far from the Zambesi, but it evidently had not been used for a long time.

Since guns have found their way among them, the Mashona have taken to using them; but, happily for the animals, they make their own powder. Now and again an animal is shot that has one or two balls just under the skin, which a Mashona gun has probably put there; the destruction, however, among them must be very small. Some years ago, in those parts of the country where Europeans had not

disturbed them, the animals seemed very little frightened at seeing a man. When we have been encamped on Sunday a herd of elands have fed near us almost like a herd of cows; but those days are passing away.

The mode of life of the Mashona always suggests a mode of escaping from their enemies. Coming near a large hill which the Mashona called Kurusu, where, high above the more habitable part, were heaped gigantic-looking rocks, long before we knew of anyone living there, the people knew we were coming; and they had left their huts and were squatting, like rows of baboons, high up on the topmost boulders, with their black bodies looking like little specks against the sky-line. It was some little time before they could summon courage to come down.

Then up on their rocks they build their granaries, made very much like miniature huts, of clay with grass roofing. These granite boulders afford the very protection they want; every hole and cavern is accurately known, and those are the places to hide in when the Matabele or Gaza people come. But they had not much confidence even in their holes. One night a village danced and sang

for me, and the chorus of one of their songs ran something like this: 'We will sing and dance now, for the Matabele will soon be upon us; and though we shall hide ourselves in the holes of the rocks, they will be too quick for us;' and so on. They seemed to like putting their troubles into songs, which they sing over their fires. One used to be sung over our fire by a man who said his name was Antigone. He repeated the same words: 'I'm a great man, and I come from the river, and it's a pity I haven't got a mate!' No one seemed to take much notice of his song, till I inquired, and found out that he was telling us about a raid on his village by the Matabele, in which every one of his relations and friends, except three, had been killed, and he had just escaped. It reminded one of the story in Job: 'The Chaldeans made out three bands . . . yea, and have slain the servants with the edge of the sword, and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.' The special raid that he was alluding to was probably the one on the Umfuli river on about June 18, 1888. We passed the Matabele 'impi' going home. They were said to have a number of women and children with them that they had taken.

The Mashona give the impression of being the most frugal of people, utilizing everything that comes to hand—which, till the trader comes into the country, is not very much. They are very fond of meat, but they hardly ever get it. To give him meat is the one way that will nearly always ensure a wild Mashona working well—or, rather, as well as he can. This love of meat is not confined to the Mashona. I have seen a whole camp of mixed nationalities changed from depression into the brightest of spirits by their having a sable antelope shot for them. To get meat in their uncivilized state, they will take the greatest trouble. The grass is burnt down every year to a great extent to allow them to dig out the mice, which they eat. They will husband their stock of meat by keeping a small piece in their cheek while they eat their porridge; and if they find an animal that has died, it is by no means despised. It was an extraordinary sight to see them fighting over an antelope. The idea of fair division never seemed to occur to them; each hacked off as much as he could as fast as he could. Two old men, looking like heads and leaders of the tribe, would seize a piece of

entrail at either end and drag against each other like two dogs. If there was no time to cook, I have known them eat meat cut from the animal just as it was. I have seen them do this when I have shot a buffalo.

Having no clothes, a warm place at night is everything to them; and when they have to sleep in the open, they will lie so near the fires that they burn themselves. No amount of blankets takes the place of their fires for them. One consumptive boy who was with us, wherever he was put, would crawl back and sit up over the fire, and kept on burning himself till shortly before he died. Eight or ten carriers at night will arrange little fires in a row, and they then arrange themselves between them so that each one has a fire before him and behind him; and if we had no clothes we should probably do the same.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE RELIGION OF THE MASHONA.

To go to something more important—what is the religion of the Mashona? It is very hard to say that they have any. I have talked to them about God, and His sending them their crops and food, and they will agree and say He lives in heaven; and then they will tell you soon afterwards that they had a god once, but the Matabele drove him away. This last was in reference to a curious custom in some villages of keeping a man they called their god. He seemed to be consulted by the people, and had presents given to him. There was one at a village belonging to a chief called Magondi, in the old days. We were asked not to fire off any guns near the village, or we should frighten him away. It was curious that in the village where there was a ‘god,’ the

chief, and not the 'god,' seemed to be their authority on religion, though in no other place did I hear the chief so spoken of. When I asked a head-man at Magondi's what he thought would become of him after he was dead, he said 'Magondi knew,' which seemed to satisfy him. When I told him that God was in heaven, and that good people went *there*, he said: '*It might be so—he had never seen a teacher before.*' Poor Magondi was, I believe, killed some years afterwards by the Matabele.

But to return to the god at Magondi's village. I was travelling northward, and he said that I must give him a present before I could take any carriers from there. I explained that I had given a present to the chief, but that I could not give a present to a 'god,' because I had a God myself, and it would be an insult to my God to treat anyone else as a god. I don't think he paid much attention to this, but said he must have a present, or the carriers could not go, and they also seemed inclined not to go. However, by giving them rather larger payment they started, but, if I remember right, were some of the very few carriers I ever had to do with who did not keep their contract.

That the Mashona have a clear idea of a life hereafter, the following extract from a letter of one of our missionaries shows :

‘Catechist Jacob came in on Monday, after having made an expedition to Maponderas (of whom there is an excellent picture in Mr. Selous’ book). He first went to Samtero’s kraal, where they seemed glad to see him, next to Swesha, some *fifty-three* people coming to listen. Next to a small village—eighteen people were present—then to others. Jacob told me that one day at Chidamba’s there was a great function, all the people going to the graves of those who were buried last autumn, and after opening them, they killed goats, and put some of their flesh and Kaffir beer into the graves, closed them again, and then fired guns and danced. Jacob asked what they did that for ; they answered : “To ask the spirits of these people, who were in heaven, to keep them from sickness, and to give them good luck in their gardens and hunting.” Another time they went to the top of a hill to pray for rain, again killing goats and fowls.’

During harvest time they do, in some parts, keep one day in six (not seven) apart, and call it Mwali’s day. Mwali means God. A man

goes to the top of a hill and shouts that it is Mwali's day, and no one works. It does not seem at all hard for them to accept the idea of one day out of seven as a day of rest. At one of our mission stations the catechist put up a flag on Sunday, and the chief forbade anyone to work. This was the same chief about whom an Englishman, who went to live near him, said that he was a wild kind of creature before, but since our catechist had come he had become much better, and given less trouble to the authorities than he had done.

But against my opinion that the Mashona had little or no religion, I have the opinion of our leading catechist, that, though they may have no definite form of worship, they have more of the religious instinct than any of the tribes with which he was associated, *i.e.*, those with Zulu blood in them. I should have to allow that, of all the interviews that I have had with different chiefs, in which I explained my mission, and made arrangements for them to receive a catechist when I could send one, I hardly ever received a rebuff. One chief, however, was very annoying. The man who went to tell him that I was coming said he was nearly being killed. When I arrived I could

do nothing with him. I had had to walk through a long village and between rocks to a place where he was drinking with his men. I talked, but for the time being I failed hopelessly. I told him I wanted to teach his children. He said that if I wanted them I must buy them ; and he would not have any teacher near him. Our interview ended more or less in confusion. So we put a teacher some four miles away, and he began his work. The catechist, by degrees, got on excellent terms with the chief ; about seventy people used to come to his service on Sunday, and the last time that I was there the chief was asking for another catechist to come and live with him in his town. He was the only chief who ever gave me a young bullock as a present.

I remember another rebuff. I was stopping at the village of a very small head-man. The day was, as usual, terribly hot ; I had been walking for some time with the carriers, and was resting under a rock. He came up to me, and I began telling him about God. He listened for some time in silence, and then, with an expression as much as to say, ' Do you expect me to listen to that rubbish ? ' went back to the village, and I saw him no more.

But then, again, another chief was so delighted that he brought out his head-wife to hear the news, and we all sat on rocks and arranged about the teacher coming, after which I chose the place for his house, and surveyed the ground; and the last time I was there the boys of the tribe were being taught, and he was full of what his teacher had done for him and his people. So, perhaps, after all, our catechist was not so far wrong in saying the Mashona had a strong religious instinct.

I know nothing about the religious instincts of the Matabele as a nation, but I should say that they were much stronger in the Mashona than in the Zulu. A Matabele had a way of despising everything that he did not agree with. I remember once, while my men were reading their Bible in Sechuana on a Sunday morning, a Matabele servant of mine was sitting near. He could probably understand a good deal of it, and I said that I was glad to see him listening. He put on a face of absolute indifference, and said, in Zulu: 'Lies!' To him it was all lies. This phase of perfect indifference was much less common with the Mashona.

Among a tribe bordering on Mashonaland I

once found a tree, enclosed by a fence, that the people called their 'praying tree,' but I could get no further information about it. Generally I found them particularly reverent when they knew our prayers were going on. While walking, it was our custom to have prayers round our camp-fire every morning before we started, and at night before going to sleep. The new relays of carriers seemed always interested, and usually, I think, came and stood with us. Sometimes we found an exceptional man, who wished to hear more. I remember a Sunday when we had one such. He sat through our church service in our camp, and afterwards I asked him about his religion. He gave the most contradictory answers, but was evidently in earnest. He said that his people had no god; but then, again, that God took them when they died, and he pointed to heaven. When asked where the god lived, he said he lived in our country, and he did not know whether he was good or bad. I then told him about God—that He gave them the cattle, and made the corn to grow; that He had once come down to earth, and sent teachers to teach the people; and that if anyone came to teach them they must be kind to him. He said that 'they

would thank' if he came (this was the first time that I had heard the idea of thanking expressed, though I had been then some time in the country), and that they would give him cattle and goats, and that then they would have clothes. So both his ideas and his motives were mixed; but his intentions were probably no worse than those of many who have had greater advantages.

That the Māshona can show strength of character is seen by an extract from a letter of one of our missionaries; but then I must allow that Kapuiya was not an ordinary specimen of his race. He was a very superior boy, and seemed to be attracted by Christianity almost from his first hearing about it.

'A short extract from a letter of Mr. Walker's about Kapuiya may be interesting. He was ill lately, and his mother sent for the witch-doctor, who declared that a goat must be sacrificed to his dead father, who was causing this illness. Kapuiya stoutly refused to have a goat killed, saying simply that it was God who made him ill, and would make him well again, and that his father had nothing to do with it. His mother was very angry, and Kapuiya grew worse, until Bernard carried him

to the mission-hut and nursed him well again. The doctor came, thinking that the goat had been sacrificed, and boasted of his successful advice, and demanded payment. You may imagine the boy's glee when he told the enraged Muroyi (doctor) that his advice had neither been believed nor followed, for God had made him better. He told Bernard what a relief it was coming from his hut to the mission.'

I do not know whether this next extract relates to Kapuiya or to someone else :

'I have had an interesting talk with a young farmer who lives close to our catechist Bernard, and who thinks highly of him. He tells me the people seem coming to be taught in larger numbers than they have before, that they seem to take an interest in being taught, and that a fellow has come to live with Bernard who will not eat meal offered in sacrifice, or join in any of the heathen rites. These "Daniels"—for only such can I call them—are the finer spirits, common, I suppose, to every race, who stand out above all, and one looks forward to them being teachers, by precept and example, of their fellow-countrymen.'

There is a simplicity about a native that is very attractive. In the south-east of Mashona-

land I once lost my way, and came to a solitary chief on a mountain. He insisted on giving me a present. It was the iron head of one of their heavy hoes, and much too heavy for me to carry. I did not wish to hurt his feelings, so I accepted it. I then gave him my present in return—the hoe he had given me; I had nothing else with me. He did not quite like taking it back: ‘What will my father Parpedo say to my having given you no present?’ But he scraped his feet to thank me for it. And so we parted: he very pleased at not losing his hoe, and satisfied that he had performed all his duties of hospitality to a stranger.

Their simplicity will at times take unfortunate directions. In one journey, knowing that there was a long stretch of country before us where no food could be got for my men, I gave one or two men meal to carry with their load. They delayed on the road, and when at night we wanted the meal they were asked for it. They had found it heavier than they liked, and had eaten it all to save the weight; so for some twenty-four hours their friends had to go short of food, and were very hungry and remarkably sulky.

The scraping of the feet for thanking is a

custom that is found chiefly in the south of Mashonaland, or, rather, in the Gaza country ; in the north clapping the hands answers the same purpose. Once a chief saluted me by coming forward with his hands stretched out, not to shake hands, but in a kind of supplicating attitude, as though he were giving himself to me. The women near the same place had a combined system of salutation by making a weird kind of howl, at the same time patting their mouths very quickly with their hands, so that they made a vibrating sound, which represented great courtesy.

It may be in a rough and quaint way, but they usually wish to do the most polite thing possible. One chief wanted to send a message to our Queen—the Queen of England. He said ‘he was very sorry, but he was too old to see the great Queen. He would like to send the great Queen an ox or a cow.’ And when I was leaving he asked again when he should send the ox to the great Queen. I had to explain to him the difficulties that there would be in doing this. It was at this chief’s that I learnt why the natives in one part preferred blue calico to white as payment. Blue calico was supposed to keep away devils.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

WHAT first induced the missionaries to go to Mashonaland? I have said it was a very different place to me now to what it was in years gone by; but in another and more important way it has changed. When, some nine years ago, I was looking about for some untouched country, Mashonaland, as I wandered in imagination over the country to the north, presented itself. Here was a country absolutely without a missionary of any sort or description—a country, so we thought in those days, without a chance of having one. It had always seemed unfortunate that different views of Christianity should have to be put before the people, as in Basutoland; and I had refused to found a mission in northern Bechuanaland, when asked to do so by one of the chiefs, as

I considered the people to be under the care of the London Missionary Society. But here in Mashonaland was a field on which no one could object to our entering. And, besides this, it was the piece of unoccupied ground between the South African and Central African Missions, and the occupation of it would join these groups of missions together.

But there were others who had a prior claim to try their hands on it. The London Missionary Society, which had originally sent Dr. Livingstone to Bechuanaland, sent his father-in-law, Robert Moffat, some fifty years ago to Matabeleland; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he sent himself, with their consent; or, most accurate of all, to say that God sent him. And then began one of those too little-known bits of history which will be very prominent factors in eternal history—when those who have eyes to see recognise that ‘patient endurance is godlike.’ I have no intention of writing a history of the London Missionary Society in Matabeleland; but for fifty years they have gone on trying to put some idea of Christianity into the Matabele. I believe they made but few converts, though I found two at Kimberley who had come from

Matabeleland, for the whole spirit of the nation was against Christianity; which shows how much need they had of being taught, and how right the missionaries were in going on. It must have been as depressing working among them as among our own Saxon ancestors; for to a Matabele gentleness would represent little else than weakness, forgiveness little else than cowardice. Now, these missionaries had often thought of extending their work into Mashonaland; but, as Mr. Helm, their leader, said at a meeting in Cape Town, the country seemed closed to the Gospel till our Church came, as though God had intended that we should go there. So with the full concurrence of these good men I arrived in Matabeleland. The Matabele were then in the heyday of their power; magnificently, one might say almost painfully, arrogant; believing, I think, honestly that there were no people like them in the world. As everyone knows, they were Zulus, who had left Zululand under Umziligazi, Lobengula's father, on a raiding expedition, and had then made themselves into a separate people; but they had kept most of their Zulu traits. They have been so often described both as Zulus and

Matabele that there can be no reason to say much about them. I was chiefly interested in them in those days as the people through whom I had to pass to get to the Mashona, and as the people who sent their raiding 'impis' nearly every year to take the Mashona women, children, and cattle, and kill the Mashona men.

Lobengula received me very civilly; but there, I am sorry to say, it ended. He gave me a name. It is a custom to give every white man a nickname. He called me at first 'young man,' apparently because when I first came into the country the messenger who was sent to see if I were coming on was told to look out for the chief teacher, and he came back and said that no chief teacher was coming—'there was only a little boy.' But having got to his 'kraal' at Enkanwini, I could get no further. I don't think he quite believed that I wanted to teach the Mashona. He could have understood a man going into the country to hunt, or, if he had let him, to look for gold, but 'why did I want to teach his dogs?' I think that the main difficulty lay in my not acknowledging that these 'dogs'—the Mashona—were his people. It may have been contrary to the usage of nations, but it did not

seem that his treating the Mashona as slaves gave him a right to call them his people. 'Who do you wish to see?' was his perpetual question, and he never thought I answered it satisfactorily. 'Whose people are they?' 'Will you teach them?' 'What will you teach them?' 'Who told you of the country?' Then one day someone suggested that I was a spy; and after a while I became ill with dysentery. I tried every medical recipe for dysentery that I knew of, but unsuccessfully, and then, with a good deal of trouble, reached Mr. Helm's house some distance away, where I found a remedy, and every possible kindness was shown me till I was able to get back to the king. I had almost given up hope of getting into the country, and was coming to tell him I was going away. It was early one morning, and he was walking by himself in his fields, and I and my black boy followed him. Away from the influence of his 'indunas' he was far more amenable, and we walked together back to his kraal. 'Where do you want to go to?' he said. I said, 'To the Zambesi.' Said he, 'You can go.' I didn't waste a minute—I was very much afraid of having the permission recalled—and eventually got to the Zambesi.

Nearly all my servants were excellent, and they were nearly all Christians — two half-castes, two Basuto, three Bechuana, a native of mixed race, and two others. I said then, and I have seen no reason to change my mind since, that if I had a difficult journey to do again alone I would take only Christian servants with me, if I could possibly get them. I was too inexperienced in those days to appreciate them properly; but their trustworthiness and cheerfulness and devotion I appreciated even then. It was like always being in the midst of faithful friends. I wish I had remembered half our conversations, and a quarter of the kind things they did for me. We were talking one day of how long we should be away from our waggon when we started to walk. I said I thought we should be away about three months. 'Then,' said one, 'we shall all die'; but the idea of his not going never entered his head. 'Not for a hundred pounds a month,' said another of my Christian men, 'would he do the journey over again;' but he did it very faithfully and well while he was at it. We had one rather rough walk together of about four hundred and fifty miles, when I left my waggon on the Hanyani

river at about the same latitude as the Victoria Falls, and went northwards. The donkeys that carried some of our goods gave us a good deal of trouble, the thorns tore our hands, and under a tropical sun tempers were somewhat tried; but my men were always the same bright cheerful lot. 'It is quite true,' said my half-caste cheerfully, during a day in the Zambesi valley, 'we are all muck and blood and sweat.'

I remember especially when one day gave an excellent instance both of their quickness of action in a difficulty and their cheerful endurance in hard work. We had been encamped for the night on the hills that look down on to the Zambesi valley. Our carriers had been engaged and paid to go on for a day farther. We knew we had to start very early to reach the water we wished to reach in the evening; so, very early we were up, and had our prayers, and rolled up our blankets and packed the donkeys, and told the carriers to start. Not one inch would they move. They wished to be paid over again. Then began a long discussion when every moment was precious. The carriers and guides and their friends had heaped their assegais and guns against three

trees ; and when I saw that they had no intention of going on, I told the two servants whom I could most trust that, when I gave the order, they were to run at the two heaps of assegais nearest to them and take them up in their arms, and I would take the other heap. I then explained for the last time to the carriers that they had taken our calico, and asked whether they would go on. They refused, and I told my men to seize the guns and assegais. I don't know that I was right ; I'm inclined to think I was wrong ; and I never did such a thing again ; but my men flew at their heaps, and it had the desired effect ; the natives saw all the arms in our hands, and we reached our water that night. But it was the smartness of my two men that I shall always remember. Then, again, in the evening. We reached the river late. We had to get up the bank on the other side (it was a kind of cliff) before we slept. There were ten donkeys to be got up, and each went up in the same way. They walked as far up as they could, then they fell or were stopped, and leather straps tied together were fastened round them, and they were pulled to the top on their sides. This was by moonlight, and my men had been walking all day

in the sultry valley, a good deal troubled towards the evening by want of water, but not a grumble came from one of them.

It makes the whole difference what your men's dispositions are when you are walking on a long journey with them. Once I was sleeping in the open on the dreary slope of a hill without any bush or shelter, and when I woke in the morning, it was raining. One of the catechists was standing near the fire trying to dry his clothes. 'I'm afraid,' I said to him, 'it's raining.' 'Oh no,' he said; 'it's only a little damp;' and so on through the journey, making the best of everything. I shall never forget a long time after I was in Matabeleland, when the Portuguese were fighting with the Chartered Company, and no carriers could be got on the east coast as quickly as I wished, how my catechists volunteered to walk with me and carry my things; and they carried them so well that we arrived at the Chartered Company's territory before the officials, who had had every available convenience put at their disposal. I remember one of the Englishmen, who had for years hunted in Africa, saying about my servants, 'You have a thundering good lot of men.'

But I was speaking about our first effort to establish a mission in Mashonaland. I did not intend on my first visit to leave any mission behind; I only proposed at the best to lay the foundation of one; but, except that I learnt a very great deal about the country that stood me in good stead in after years, I did absolutely nothing. I spoke about God to a great many people, and at one place especially I remember that the people promised that if I sent them a teacher they would build him a house. I had very small hopes of ever seeing the promise redeemed; but at this very place the last time I was in Mashonaland I had the satisfaction of sleeping in the teacher's hut, and finding the framework prepared for a wattle and daub church. And more: as I was in this very hut one day alone (for I had brought no one but Mashona with me, and the catechist was away), I heard the children of the village coming by singing their Christian hymns; and though singing Christian hymns does not imply a Christian life, yet it's a step towards it; and it's better to hear them singing about a living Christ than about the nonsense that composes most of their own songs.

When I came back to Matabeleland from

the north, though I had not been away for so very long, I found among political changes in strange contrast to one another, not only that two Emperors of Germany had died, but that Matabeleland was inclined to be in an uproar. They had got the idea that the white men wanted to take their country, and they did not altogether wish to be civil to the white man. The last few miles into Emthlangene I was riding on a Basuto pony that had been hundreds of miles with me, though I had left him with my waggon when I went to the Zambesi; my faithful black servant, John, was riding my other horse; and we had to pass the huts of the Imbezu regiment. We knew there might be difficulties, and prepared for them by off-saddling under a bank about a quarter of a mile on the other side of the huts, so as to have our horses fresh in case of emergencies. And we needed it, for they poured out, yelling, 'Here are the men who have come to take our country!' and, spreading out in a fan-shaped movement, ran to cut us off. I think it quite probable that if we had stopped, and if they had given me time to explain that I had no wish to take their country, and as little that any other white man should take it, they would

have done no harm ; but there was no good to be gained by making the experiment ; and we got round them on to the track, the last one giving up the chase when we took a short cut through the wood, which I suppose he did not think we knew. I never saw the Imbezu regiment again till we met some years afterwards at the fight at the Imbembezi river in the Matabele war.

I have just mentioned John, my native servant : he had an eighth sense—the power of finding his way. All natives, of course, have the power very strongly developed, and I dare say there are many as good as he ; but, after all my life in Africa, he is still to me the ideal guide. I used to go with him into a district unknown to both of us, as confident of coming back to our camp as I should have been of not coming back had I been alone. I remember one occasion especially. In a great stretch of woodland cut up with streams and valleys I saw a large sable antelope. I shot very few animals altogether, and, indeed, my men would have been glad if I had shot many more, for they loved meat ; but that day I was especially looking for an antelope, and when he galloped off through the trees

I galloped after him. Up and down through wood and glade we went, at one time straight, then in a half circle, almost at my horse's best pace, for about two and a half miles—as nearly as I could reckon—the antelope always keeping too far ahead of me among the trees to give me an opportunity of shooting him, till it seemed like travelling through the Cretan labyrinth; and when at last he hesitated at a brook and let me gain the hundred yards I wanted, and I shot him, I said to John, 'Where are the waggons?' He pointed straight to them, and perfectly straight we went. It seems just as much an instinct as the power a dog has of finding its way home.

One day, when he was finding his way to a place over some country he had never been through before, I asked him to tell me how he did it—whether it was by the sun or anything else. 'No,' he said; 'it's by nothing. I feel it here,' and he put his hand on his heart.

Then, his power of seeing things was most extraordinary. I don't think this is at all common to all natives; indeed, I found I usually saw things quicker than the Mashona; but I was a baby compared to John. He has pointed to an indistinct kind of speck in the

distance; to me it might have been anything. 'Look,' he says, 'there is an eland bull;' and, as a matter of fact, we found it was.

I have known him ride with me up to the face of a thick tangled wood, and he has pointed out a male koodoo standing in it. 'Where?' I asked. 'There,' he answered, pointing into the thick of the wood; and these two words continued to be repeated between us as we rode on, till what had been to me a part of the wood moved away. I think that he noticed the horns; that in the mass of boughs the spiral curve, as against the more angular formation of the branches, struck his eye, though the colour is much the same. I found this became developed to a slight extent in one's self, for when I have returned to civilization I noticed that a wild animal lying at a distance struck my eye immediately, though my companion did not see it.

But as to finding my way about, I was perfectly hopeless to the last; and when I had to go journeys alone, I clung to a beaten track, or, if I did not, I was soon lost, or in immediate danger of it. I had been lost twice, and I know of no sensation in life to compare to it. Before I went to Africa, as far as I can

remember, a man described to me how he was lost on the Rocky Mountains; and when, at the end of twenty-four hours, he found himself back at the same place he had started from, his head began to wander, and he imagined a fire was always burning a hundred yards to the right of him. This was because he could not light a fire himself on account of the Red Indians, who would have seen it. I thought the account very interesting, but the especial sensation of being lost I had to find out for myself before I understood it. Of course, where there is a clear landmark it is comparatively easy to find the way; but when, as in some parts of the country, there is none sufficiently marked to indicate from which point of view you are looking, it is but little help. Again, to steer by the sun is so much easier in theory than in practice; but to take a line by the sun for five miles or so that will bring you back to a camp that cannot be seen at a quarter of a mile's distance is what I know some white men can do. I was not one of them.

I am speaking now especially of a country where no waggon can go, or before roads are cut in it by waggon; for if a road runs east

and west, or north and south, and you remember on which side of it you are, there is comparatively little difficulty. But still, even in modern Mashonaland I was once walking in an out-of-the-way part with my black men, and found a white man sitting among a quantity of natives, who asked me if he were going right for Beira. He was walking then directly away from it, Beira being about two hundred miles behind him. He had been walking to the east, but had gone off the waggon road and not been able to find it again ; and he wandered, I think he said, for two days and two nights before he found the blacks with whom he was.

The conditions under which a man is lost vary to such an extent that it is impossible to say how long he can hold out. There were two stories current in Mashonaland, neither of which I have any reason to doubt : one of a man being lost, and dying of thirst and exhaustion at the end of about twenty-four hours ; another of a man being lost for forty days, but becoming unconscious of his actions after the first few days, and apparently subsisting on roots and no one knows what for the rest of the time till he was found.

But I have gone away from Lobengula and

his Matabele. There was something about a pure Matabele which was outwardly very attractive. Their placid brute courage was very perfect. The king's brother was to be killed while I was not far away—he had become too powerful—and the scene was described to me afterwards. He was standing talking to a friend when he saw the man he knew was deputed to get rid of people coming towards him. 'I know what you have come for,' he said; 'do it quickly.' And he stood still while the man broke his head in with his bludgeon.

And it was not confined to the men. One of Lobengula's wives was convicted of having tried to poison him. I didn't see the scene, but I was told that all which happened afterwards was that he pointed to a heap of strips of hide lying near, and said: 'Take a strong one; you know what I mean.' She knew perfectly, and went off and hanged herself.

But their cruelty was very great. They used to say themselves that 'at home they were 'men'; when they were out raiding they were 'not men.' They seemed to have behaved much as our heathen Viking ancestors from Norway behaved when they went on a foray;

and it was the poor Mashona that chiefly suffered. The women and children were taken as slaves, and general destruction carried out among what they couldn't or wouldn't carry away.

All this is a story that has been told too often to need any repetition here ; but there is an interesting and instructive point connected with it, which gives an instance of evil-doing bringing its own reward. The king had those people killed who were becoming too powerful ; this naturally meant the ablest leaders of men died. This was supposed to strengthen his position on the throne. It did temporarily ; but in the time of his greatest need he had no one to lead his men. Again, the lordly superiority of the Matabele—that which made them a terror to their neighbours—was shown in their enslaving the women and children of the lower races ; but thereby they brought in inferior blood, and raised a race that were called ' Mahoolies.' The fighting power deteriorated with the purity of the blood, and in their greatest need they had no army of pure Zulus to send against an enemy.

Possibly it can be argued that it was a necessary part of the policy of an African chief

to raid on the neighbouring tribes—the young soldiers must have blood to keep them quiet ; again, that an African chief must get rid of the most powerful and dangerous men in his kingdom ; which arguments have something to be said for them from a heathen point of view ; but the sad thing is that it should be so. To look at the whole question from a deeper point of view, the sad side of heathenism is that they do wrong believing it to be right. As a Mashona once said to one of our missionaries, ‘God told them to do all they did—steal, or kill a man.’ And so long as African heathenism is untouched, it has no conscience on these points to awaken. They murder, and think they are right in murdering. Gentleness to them means little else but weakness ; forgiveness little else but cowardice.’

To take the one vice of cruelty—which we believe to be an intensely heathen vice, being the opposite of ‘going about doing good’—the children are taught it from their earliest years. One of the first things I remember seeing in Lobengula’s kraal was his little son of about seven years old sticking his assegai into a goat. It did not prove much, but it was my first introduction to the darker side of

African life, and made an impression on me at the time.

But Lobengula was always very courteous to me; and after I came back from my first journey, he understood what I wanted, and apparently believed what I said. There is a code of honour between one chief and any-one they consider another, when it is once established, that makes transactions comparatively easy. 'There is a wall built round the word of a chief,' is a native proverb that I remember quoting to him when I wished to explain that there was no chance of my breaking my word. Of course it would be invidious to make a comparison between him and Khama, the Christian chief of the Bechuana, the people to the south of him, for Khama has had so many more advantages than Lobengula had. They both began life as heathens, but Khama became a Christian comparatively early. And it is when Lobengula is brought into contrast with Khama that the ugly life of a heathen savage chief stands out in very painful prominence.

And so I was just beginning to learn something about savage Africa when we first heard the rumour of Europeans coming in any

numbers into the country. I had some communication with Lobengula to try and arrange for our permanently founding a mission in Mashonaland; he had not given permission, but that, perhaps, after our experience in getting into Mashonaland to begin with, when he first refused permission, and then gave it, would hardly have been considered a final decision. Then the British South Africa Company was organized, and everything was considered to be on a different footing, and I never saw him again.

Lobengula was a shrewd creature, too. There was a story being told about him in the country which showed his quickness of repartee, if nothing else. The representatives of a religious denomination were said to have come up, asking for permission to settle in Matabeleland.

He had his own missionaries for Matabeleland, and probably did not want others, so he asked :

‘Where are your wives?’

‘We don’t have any wives,’ they are said to have answered.

‘Then where are your mothers?’ the king asked again.

‘We don’t believe in having anything to do with mothers or wives,’ was the answer.

‘Then you can go,’ said the king; ‘I don’t want anyone to teach my people who does not believe in mothers and wives.’

I dare say, after all, he knew as much on the subject as many who have settled the question whether married or unmarried missionaries are best. The answer seems to be that each have their place. The pioneering work in the more southern part of Africa has been done chiefly, perhaps, by the married missionaries. Bishop Grey was mainly instrumental in forming the framework of what is now the province of South Africa when such work was much harder than it would be now. Robert Moffat may be said to have taken it up where he left it off, and have gone on from Bechuanaland into Matabeleland. Dr. Livingstone took the next plunge northwards. However, this proves nothing. If they hadn’t done the work it is quite possible there were unmarried missionaries quite ready to do it; but as they were ready, it was well that they were used.

Among some tribes there is a certain prejudice against unmarried missionaries; and I remember the missionaries in one of the far

outposts of the mission-field regretting that one of their number was unmarried. Perhaps my experience has not been enough to enable me to form a correct opinion ; but, to take one instance, there was an appearance of stability given to the French missions in Basutoland by their missionaries, when in charge of a place, being nearly always married. One felt instinctively, as their children grew up, and themselves married and settled, that Basutoland was their country. At their great centre the influence of a large settlement of missionaries, with wives and children, has an effect on the native life which nothing else could well have. There are certain branches of work which can obviously be done best by married missionaries. I notice that the Bishop of Corea was lately asking for a married missionary for one such branch.

But there are some missions where I should say it was a great advantage to have unmarried men, in a few almost a necessity—where there are rapidly-changing camps of Europeans, or where long walks have to be undertaken, and where there is no fixed home.

But to return to Lobengula. He devoted a great deal of time to hearing the news of the

nation, and deciding cases brought before him. Everything seemed to be told to him—from the success or failure of an 'impi' to a crow perching on someone's hut. But he believed in other influences besides those that were political. The belief in witchcraft was unbounded. He killed, or allowed to be killed, his own brother and sister on a charge of witchcraft. One of the Matabele missionaries found an old woman under a bush, almost reduced to a skeleton, who had been sent away by her husband, and refused admission by a son and two married daughters, between whose houses she must have wandered with scarcely any clothes, about a hundred and thirty miles, while it was raining almost continuously. The chief killing for witchcraft took place after the great yearly dance, called the Ingwala. This was the dance of the First-fruits, which was held in the huge cattle kraal at Buluwayo about February. The men came in full fighting dress.

A great many suicides seemed to occur in the country, and it was hardly to be wondered at, for where a system of accusing of witchcraft is in force, and there are people to be enriched by the goods of the condemned, there can be no safety from the most treacherous action.

Even Lobengula himself did not feel quite free from the possibility of treachery. It was etiquette never to pass behind him ; this probably had a very good reason. He never drank anything among his own people that had not been tasted before, and he kept a woman as 'taster.' I remember that she got extraordinarily fat.

He had the care of a large household ; there were about eighty wives. They went about in pairs, and any one of them leaving the kraals alone would have been in danger of being killed for it. They wore a skirt of soft ox-skin round their bodies, and usually, when they could get it, a piece of blue calico round their shoulders, and marone buttons on the back of their heads.

When the king wished to choose a new wife from the nation, the girls whom he could choose were collected and stood in a row. He then gave something to the one he wished to have. She then went home, and her friends used to come and condole with her—which they might well do. This last part of the ceremony was the stranger, because uncomplimentary to Lobengula, while the whole tendency of the people was to foolish flattery. I was told that

once, when a collection of princesses were sent to Lobengula by the Gaza people for him to choose from, the seven whom he did choose drank too much beer and insulted him. He then only sent back one in exchange.

When I was at his kraal one of his children died. When this happens the custom was for him and his wives to go out into the country around as a sign of mourning, and he himself had to be purified by certain ceremonies before he could attend to business again. Should anyone touch a dead body, he is not allowed to see the chief for a 'moon.'

From an outside point of view, the Matabele did not have their national observances affected by the long and patient work of the missionaries among them; but there were undoubted signs that their work had not been thrown away. And as to the Matabele being hopeless, an authority who ought to have had the greatest weight, from knowing both nations for a very long time, said that he knew the Basuto when they were worse than the Matabele. At one time a part of the Basuto nation took to cannibalism—we believe it was from hunger. The caves that are called the 'Cannibal Caves' certainly exist, and bones said to be human

are found there. People are still living who speak about those times; and we used to be told how a long string was stretched across the valley near the caves, into which passers-by walked, and the vibration of the string told the hungry watchers that there was someone in the neighbourhood. I remember hearing a story of one woman who had been left to bleed to death, but escaped and lived till comparatively lately; and of a man who caught two sisters, one of whom he married, while he ate the other. It was not so very long ago that the Basuto were supposed to have eaten the heart of the great Dutch commander, Wepener, to help them to be as brave as he was. Now, anyone living among the Basuto of to-day would scarcely believe this possible; and if the Basuto have become what they have, there was every reason for the missionaries in Matabeleland not considering the Matabele hopeless. And if the Matabele were not hopeless, no African tribe can be hopeless.

## CHAPTER V.

### NATIVE WORK.

I HAVE said that for me the charm of the country vanished with the coming of the white man ; but, of course, our missions could never have been established on the lines that they are now on in Mashonaland, considering the limited means at our disposal, without the place being occupied by white men with hospitals, stores, etc. They would probably have been established in a totally different way—as those in Matabeleland were before the war. There were there two centres, each with two missionaries and their families. Once a year waggons went down the country for supplies. They had their farm and fields and garden ; the rest of their wants were supplied by the country. That it is quite possible to establish a mission in the country practically without the

aid of any system of colonization on the part of England is shown by the establishment of the American mission in the south-east of Mashonaland, not far from what is now called Melsetter. In 1891 the American missionaries told me that they proposed establishing a mission somewhere near Umzila's old kraal in Gazaland. I promised them then that if they did do so I would put no mission near them. In 1893 one of our missionaries, Mr. Burgin, had directions from me to establish a mission near Melsetter, to the east of Fort Victoria, where some white men were living. He travelled the hundred and fifty miles eastward from Fort Victoria, and began his work near Melsetter; and a very admirable work it was. He had not been there very long before the American missionaries, who had been preparing all this time to take up their ground, appeared on the scene from the east coast, without any help, so far as I could gather, from any organization existing in Mashonaland. There could be no doubt that the ground we had chosen was too near to their ground. I had given the promise that we would not go too near them, and there was only one thing to be done. We abandoned the mission; the mistake was en-

tirely mine. I had never been to Melsetter, though I had been near it, and there was no map to help me. I did not know that Melsetter and Umzila's old kraal were so near together. All of which proves two things: one, that an independent mission can be established from the east; the other, that that mission would have been in touch with Mashonaland; and therefore that a mission could have been established for Mashonaland without any further colonization than existed in the early days. But it would not have been on the present scale.

However, the white men came into Mashonaland; they had to be ministered to as well as the Mashona, and the whole mission took a totally different shape. My dream of a country in which the natives should hear only one form of Christianity to some extent vanished too. I say to some extent, for immediately that I found other missions intended to work among the natives in Mashonaland, I thought it possible to make such arrangements as would minimize the evil of different views being presented to them. The London Missionary Society and ourselves had arranged so happily that they should stay in Matabeleland and that we should go to Mashonaland, that I had hopes

a similarly happy arrangement might be made with other societies when they came into the country. When the British South Africa Company went up to Mashonaland, two Church of England clergymen went with them. A third went up about the same time to the north of Bechuanaland—almost to the border of Mashonaland—to minister to the Bechuanaland Border Police. He died of dysentery—as a matter of fact, actually within the territory administered by the British South Africa Company. Of the two who went up with the Company, Canon Balfour stayed some time in the country, and here, as in every other place in which he has been, did excellent work. Not only did he build the first church that was ever built in Mashonaland, but he took up work among the natives; and when I brought up a few teachers in the early part of the next year he took two of them in hand, and visited chief after chief and made centres for work, and began the building of rough native churches—in all of which I had little or no share. It was all his and the catechists' work. He also took a journey to the Zambesi.

And here I may say that the money for the Mashonaland mission was at first mainly, with

the exception of some private gifts, provided by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Mr. Selous in one book speaks of the mission as 'Bishop Knight-Bruce's mission'; but it was not my mission. It was their mission, so far as the important part—the paying for it—was concerned. We raised an association in England to provide more funds, but this was later on.

I mentioned the band of teachers who came into the country with me. They were native Christians of different nationalities from Cape Town and Durban. They varied in power, characteristics, and moral qualities, but, as a whole, they were invaluable. Seshona, the language of the Mashona, was almost as new a tongue to them as to any of us—indeed, I had heard it long before they had—but a certain connection between all the languages in that part of Africa helped them, and they soon made great strides. They started with me from the east coast—from Beira—to which steamers then ran from Durban; and I must say something more about their first walk, they behaved so admirably. 'For a short way up the Pungwe River a steamer, tugging a lighter, carried us. When we arrived at Nevez Fereira

we heard of the retreat of the Portuguese after the fight with the Chartered Company at Massi-Kessi; and the Portuguese commandant refused to allow anyone except the English officer, with his travelling companion, who was acting as a kind of 'Queen's messenger' from the Governor of the Cape, to go up the road to Umtali, which was some hundred and sixty miles to the north-west, past Massi-Kessi. A Portuguese artillery officer was also going up, somewhat in the same capacity, on behalf of his own country. I was most anxious to be in Mashonaland as soon as possible, and claimed to be allowed to go up, acting under the Red Cross flag. The commandant said that was no protection, as the native levies did not know the meaning of it. I explained that that was their business, and after some difficulty, obtained permission to go. By this time the English representative had gone, and the Portuguese officer was to start the following morning at daybreak, so I asked the latter if I could go with him. He was most courteous, and said that he would have been very glad for me to have gone with him, but that he was going to be carried in a hammock, and would go so many miles a day that I could not keep up with

him. But I arranged that, at any rate, we should start together. It was now dark, and when I got back to the tent I found the five natives sleeping outside under a sail, for the miasma on the Pungwe River is very unhealthy. I explained that we could get no carriers—the two officials had very properly taken all that were available—and I asked them whether they would carry small loads for me. They said they would, and then they all went back under their sail. Through the night I packed the loads, putting in just enough for a few days, and early next morning we were ready for the start. The first two days were hardly successful, as the guide began by leading the Portuguese officer in almost the opposite direction to that which we ought to have followed, and at the end of the second day we found ourselves not very far from where we had started. My travelling companion there waited for carriers to carry him, and I, wishing to get on, took my five natives and passed on, and I never saw him again. He was a most courteous gentleman, and I was very sorry to lose his company.

I think a black man showed us the way over some bogs to the path, and then left us. We

found a village that night. For the rest of the hundred and sixty miles my men's behaviour was quite perfect. Once we walked till one of them fainted, and I had to carry his load for some little way. I then learned what a very unpleasant addition to a day's march a load is. They walked so well that on about the fourth day we overtook and passed the English officer, and soon afterwards we found some natives, who carried some of their loads for my men.

One of them played just such a prominent part as a native loves to play in a scene which I did not see, but which must have been most ludicrous. We had stopped at one of the small Portuguese forts in the morning, that being the second Portuguese station that we had come to after starting. As all my food was gone, the officer had given me breakfast, and more food for the road. We had watched a convoy of sick going down to the coast, and then gone on. For some time we had been passing through 'gardens' of Indian corn and Kaffir corn, and one could not see far ahead. One of my native teachers, Bernard, was walking ahead alone. Suddenly the gardens ended, and at the further side of an open space

he found an English officer and two troopers on horses, waiting for him.

‘Who are you?’ said the officer.

‘I am Bernard.’

‘Yes ; but who is with you?’ said the officer.

‘The Bishop,’ said Bernard.

Then I appeared, and the mystery was explained. After the fight at Massi-Kessi, a British South Africa Company’s officer had been sent down with about seventeen men on service connected with the British South Africa Company. He was on a reconnoitring expedition, and had been inspecting the village from a distance, and hardly wished to meet a Portuguese. The natives had seen me coming, and told him a white Portuguese was coming ; hence his wish to know who was with Bernard. I slept that night with this patrol, had prayers with them round their fires, and sent back a note to the Portuguese commandant at the fort, giving him my word that I had no idea any of the British South Africa Company’s men were so near ; otherwise, he might have thought that I knew they were there, and had purposely not told him before going to meet them. He had been so persistently polite to me, and under the most trying circumstances,

that I felt I owed him at least this explanation.

I told the British South Africa Company's officer that it was no business of mine, but I knew that peace had been agreed upon, and so he went no further. I was very glad that I arrived when I did; and my being there at all was owing to the admirable walking and carrying of my men.

After reaching Mashonaland, these men either walked with me from place to place, or settled in what we thought were the best centres for work. It was then that we visited the greatest number of chiefs, and made such arrangements as we could for future work there. It was a wearying time, but I thought it well worth the trouble taken over it. I cannot remember how I made up the items, but I think I must have walked about fifteen hundred miles in connection with work in Mashonaland at different times. Visiting the chiefs had a good deal of sameness about it, especially if it was for the first time. The mode of procedure was somewhat as follows: We arrived at the village. Almost immediately we were surrounded by natives, one of whom took a message to the chief that I wished to

see him. While he was gone we looked about for a place to sleep in. On one journey I had a sail that we used to throw over a bough; on another we carried a small tent that we never opened—we were usually much too tired; generally we carried nothing of the kind, and that was by far the best. Then the chief appeared, if it was not too late. If it was, he came the next morning. There is just as much difference between the characters of two native chiefs as between those of two Europeans. Some were most interesting, some were much the contrary. Some were courteous, others were not, though those who were not were very rare. I have already mentioned one who was not. First there came a long explanation as to who I was and what I wanted. The chief listened, and his people sat round and listened too. Then I asked him whether he would take care of a teacher if I sent one to him. Everything was done at considerable length, as is customary in dealing with African natives; and he was made as far as possible to understand what the object of the teacher's coming would be—not for gold or cattle or land, but to teach them about God. It was explained to the people that it was we who

were doing them the kindness in sending a teacher, not they in receiving him. Sometimes they pointed out tracts of land which we might have ; sometimes they told me to go and choose where I should like our teacher's hut and ground. We then exchanged presents ; and sometimes the chief went back to his village and I visited him there ; sometimes he stayed on with us till we went away.

Generally we had to sleep one or two nights in getting from one village to another, seeing head-men and other people on the path, but not making a regular halt till we came to the chief whose authority was recognised, and whose were the land-rights in the country. As there is plenty of water in those parts of Mashonaland, there was usually no difficulty about making a camp within a few miles of where we wanted to do so. Of course there were exceptions. I have had to camp without water, or with only as much as could be carried in bottles ; and then the carriers were very cross, not to say angry, and when I looked at them through the night they glared at me over the fire, and explained that it was all my fault.

The chiefs' views of my proposals to them

were very different. At one place, for instance, they would not tell me which of the small crowd was the chief, and everyone talked instead. I knew that there was no end to be gained in hurrying them, and waited. Presently the chief himself got up and said that 'he did not think it right to hide himself from the white man.' I remember these people especially by their collection of bows and arrows. The arrows were very well made and poisoned. The quivers in which they kept them were made of baboons' skins.

Down towards the south-east the wish of the natives to have a teacher was, I think, a good deal increased by the idea that in some way he would help to keep away the raids of the Gaza people. But it was among these people that I saw the most dignified and methodical action on the subject. We encamped one Saturday night at a village. For some reason the chief was away at another village, I think about seven miles distant. We waited till he was sent for and came—on Sunday morning. He arrived with a large number of men, who sat round him in a semicircle, three or four deep. The reason of our coming was explained. He and his people must take time to consider it,

he said. They would come back at a certain time in the afternoon. (They explain the time they mean by pointing to where the sun will be at that time.) I had service with my own natives, read and wrote, and then waited for them. Punctually to time they arrived. They had agreed that they would have a teacher. We had a good deal of friendly conversation, and they left. Then their women were sent as a kind of deputation. They came as close as they thought right, and asked to see me. I was under my sail and came out. They made the same kind of exclamation that one would make at seeing a strange animal at the Zoological Gardens for the first time. Then they gave their message: 'When the teacher comes, we will cook for him.' They could say no more. It was the receiving him as one of themselves. They had a tradition here that a white man had come through the village seventeen years before.

One chief that is always associated in my mind with Mr. Selous was, I think, the nicest of them all—Sipiro, as we used to call him. I had been near his town before when I was first in the country, but I had not seen him, as the Gaza people were taking their tribute of cattle,

and he, having to entertain the 'envoys,' sent his son to hide us. On this my second visit I encamped near his village, and sent to ask him to come and see me. He sent back a message to say he had a bad leg, and couldn't come. I knew this was only an excuse to save his dignity, and sent back to say that I was not coming up into his village. Not long afterwards he appeared at a clump of bushes near, and I went over to him. When he understood who I was, he was delighted; he swayed his body about; he laughed; he shook the nearest hand he could find; he told his people all about it, though they all probably knew quite well, and then he said: 'You and Selous are the only two people who are known in this country. I have given Selous one of my sons, and I will give you the other.' (He probably said 'Serous,' as the pronunciation of the plain / is often a difficulty to them.)

But when I told him that I was afraid one of our teachers could never live there, as it was too unhealthy, it was pathetic to hear him asserting that it was not so unhealthy, that he could find a high place for him to live in, and he would be so glad if I could send one.

I saw a delightful piece of native character

at this place on my first visit, while the Mashona kept us hidden away from the Gaza people. I had taken one man who seemed to be a leading spirit among the villagers, and began telling him about God. As I knew he would remember everything that I said, and probably repeat it word for word to his friends, I thought that speaking to him alone was, in their excited state, better than having a large audience. First we had some conversation; then he listened quite attentively for some time; then he suddenly asked: 'Would I give him a shirt?' I think I gave him one; at any rate, we started again, and went on a good deal longer on my subject. When I had finished, I told him to go and tell his people all that I had said. 'Yes,' he said; 'he would. But would I give him some beads to make him strong to speak?'

I have said somewhere else that this chief Sipiro was one of the Barotse people: and we see here a curious instance of how languages die out. His people originally, of course, spoke the language of the Barotse; but, from having the Mashona so near them, they gradually adopted their language, and the old chief was the only living member of the tribe, we were

told, who could speak the original language of his people. The rest of their tribe who were driven over the Zambesi by the Matabele have profited by keeping their own language, for it is very like the language of the Basuto; and Mr. Coillard, the French missionary in Basutoland, when he was looking for a new field of work, chose the Barotse country as one where his knowledge of Sesuto would stand him in good stead.

The characteristics of chiefs on the Zambesi and their way of receiving me were very different to what they were in Mashonaland; but, as I never even suggested founding a mission there, because they were too far away from any centre of ours, and entirely under Portuguese influence, they have nothing to do with our present subject of mission-work.

When the question to whom the land in Mashonaland belonged was unsettled, I thought it well, before choosing any piece of ground for a future mission-farm, to have the consent of the native chief of the place to our eventually settling there—that is, if any chief was sufficiently near. Besides this, the British South Africa Company gave their consent to the Church of England having a piece of ground

of about three thousand acres wherever we established a mission. I think in all about twenty-five of the tracts were selected. Canon Balfour, Mr. Douglas Pelly, and the late Dr. Rundle were my chief assistants in selecting sites for missions and choosing land.

The whole question of land is a difficult one. I consider that the land which the natives of this country actually inhabit belongs to them. This was my bone of contention with Lobengula. How they came into possession we do not know; we found them in possession. We have no more right to take any land which they actually inhabit, and own by unknown length of tenure, than we should have to dispossess white men holding property in England on the same tenure. But the Mashona only occupy a very small part of the country, and land which they have never occupied may with justice be said not to belong to them. Though each chief would claim territory to some boundary, even when consecutive miles of it are not inhabited, yet I think that he would usually see no objection to other people settling there, so long as his own ground was not interfered with.

At first sight it seemed as though the Church

of England had obtained a very great amount of land; but the obtaining of land for the Church of England was a very secondary consideration—if, indeed, in the vast majority of the cases it was any consideration at all. With the exception of one or two cases, it was not intended that these tracts of land should be appropriated as farms for our mission. There was no other way under the land system of the British South Africa Company by which any rights could be obtained than by formally applying for rights to map out so many ‘farms’; but we intended them practically as native reserves, so that if the natives were ever crowded out of their lands they might have some place near at hand where they could grow their crops and keep their few cattle. So nearly every one of our ‘mission-farms’ is touching, or almost touching, the chief’s village, except when there was an especial reason why it should be some distance away.

To take the case of three of the largest chiefs in the country—if we except Motoko, probably *the* three largest. At Maguendi’s mission the chief lives on a rock jutting out from a long and rather high hill. At the opposite end of the hill our catechist lives; in

the valley along the stream at the bottom, surrounded partly by a semicircle of hills, is the mission-land.

At Maconi's, again, the chief lives some four miles from our mission, because originally he would not let us be any nearer to him (though now he wants another teacher for himself in his own town), but another tract of land has since been given close to the chief's own town.

It is worth while inserting a part of a letter that appeared in the Mashonaland Quarterly Paper by one of the most valued of our clergy about this mission :

‘I was very glad to see the station, with its nice huts done in the Zulu style by our catechist there. In a compound, surrounded by reeds, were the huts, with the church just outside, and in it two of the big pictures you sent me—“The Good Shepherd” and “Christ walking upon the Water.” One or two picaninnies running about—one who cooks, one who herds the cattle and goats, and another sort of odd-job boy. It is a most picturesque situation, fine rocks, hills, and valleys all round. An interesting-looking kraal we passed, and visited next day. As we passed there was a funeral party going on, guns firing, and loud exclama-

tions of sorrow. The lower part of the hut walls are built of stone, the upper part of mud. Some huts stood on an eminence, others clustered round like a swarm of bees, the river Resarpe rushing below. In the evening some of the women came in to stare at the new white man. We saw the catechist's garden—a capital lot of vegetables, carrots, peas, sweet potatoes, etc.

‘One day we went to the chief's kraal, a very large one; he is one of the biggest and most powerful chiefs in the country—Maconi. It was about six miles off, placed on the side of a hill, and you go through a series of gates in big fences of some prickly-looking shrub. First we went to a big hut, with a veranda round, where his wives live—he has fifty wives. Meanwhile, a messenger had gone on to announce our arrival, and after awhile returned to say the chief would see us. Crowds of little boys preceded us, and a few older men followed in our wake. The chief sat at the top of a hill, and our little boys went up, clapping all the way—this they do by way of salute. When anyone gets up near the chief, and moves his place, they all clap. Maconi's appearance was not improved by a

waistcoat and hat which he wore. We shook hands and sat down, his councillors sitting near. Of course he asked about Lobengula and the war, of which we told him as much as we knew. Then he wanted to know how long the white men were going to stay in Mashonaland, and I said "they were come to stay." How could the Queen spare them from England? We gave him some idea of the size of London by pointing to the country round, all to be covered with houses. He then wanted to know where the white man had his gardens, *i.e.*, grew his food. We told him the world was our garden, food coming in from all countries.

'I then said how glad I was he was going to send two of his boys to the mission to be taught. He said, "If they learn, wouldn't they laugh at their elders?" I told him Christians taught children to honour their parents. Then he said, turning to his councillors: "We mustn't be beaten by children, we must all learn." Of course they assented. "Was he in earnest?" we asked. "We are," he replied. So it was settled that one of the mission teachers should come over and teach him. I am glad to say he likes Frank, our catechist,

very much. Altogether, it was a most interesting visit.'

At Umtasa's, the third large native town, after some little difficulty, the chief suggested a place where our mission should be. He did not want it too near. I think he was afraid that it might be a meeting-place for white men, who would annoy him; so it was put down by Mr. Pelly and Dr. Rundle some little distance from the town.

When the towns are large, and thickly inhabited, and there are many people always moving about, it was natural that our land should be further from the town than in the case of the small chiefs in the small places. To get the most valuable land purely as a possession was not our object. We took little trouble about land either at Fort Salisbury or Fort Victoria—so little that somehow, I believe, we had arrived at having no mission farm in those districts at all, though lately one of our most energetic missionaries has been teaching natives round Fort Victoria, and, I believe, getting a block of land.

I quite allow that we have probably some of the most beautiful 'farms' in the country; but then we have got them with the 'sweat of

our brow.' I once travelled nearly six hundred miles, mainly to arrange about one piece of land. In the majority of cases we were founding our missions when no one else seemed to be touching the parts at which we were working.

The following letter from Mr. H. R. Burgin shows some of the difficulties in the work even as late as 1893 :

' MELSETTER, GAZALAND,

' *November 10th, 1893.*

' I arrived here a little more than five months ago. The journey from Fort Victoria was most interesting. There are hundreds of natives living up in the mountains. Each time I camped a great many came down to see me. I was able to preach the Gospel to them. One old chief brought me a goat to kill for myself and boys, and returned quite late in the evening, with about sixty of his men, to hear the Gospel. I had a large fire made, and preached to them for about two hours. When I had finished, the chief said he would come again in the morning to hear more. He came at daylight with about a hundred of his people. They were intensely interested in

hearing the Word of God. When I was leaving the chief asked why I must go. They wanted a teacher to teach them.

‘Since reaching here, most of my time has been spent in visiting the different chiefs, and going from village to village. Every chief has received me most kindly. Of course it is very rough travelling in a country like this. Three or four boys carry my blankets and food, and at night I unroll my blankets and get into them. There are a great many wild beasts, and we have to make up large fires to keep them away. Sometimes I have had to sit up half the night, with rifle in hand, expecting every minute to have a lion on us, they have been so near. [Not very far from here a native was taken away by a lion from under the very noses of some white men.]

‘I was away for twenty-three days on my last walk, and travelled about two hundred miles, visiting three of the largest chiefs in the district and a great number of kraals.

‘I am delighted to say I have found a suitable place for the mission station ; it is about in the centre of four of the largest chiefs whom I have visited, and we are getting poles and grass cut for our huts. There are three

European families in the district, and a few men are here who want to peg out farms.'

Then, about four months afterwards he writes again, though his journeys must not be looked on as instances of journeys taken by everyone, as he is a man of exceptional daring :

'UMTALI CHURCH MISSION HOUSE,  
'*Easter Week.*

'Two years ago the Bishop arranged with the American mission to leave Gungunyan's people to them. At that time no one knew exactly how far these people went, and I began our station at Melsetter in ignorance of having gone so far south-east that I was among them. However, the American mission arrived about five months ago with a large staff of workers, so that it was thought best that I should leave that part of the country after eight months' work among the natives, which will, I believe, help the Americans considerably in their start.

'It was a walk of one hundred and ten miles from there here, and took me six days, with rain every day. All the rivers were up (in flood), and three or four were very difficult to cross; in one my matches were carried down, and that

certainly made the rest of the journey unpleasant. The last day I started at 5 a.m., reached a native village at 11 a.m., got some food for breakfast by bartering my last yard of limbo (calico), and started on for Umtali, as the natives told me it could be reached by sundown. Having been wet through for five days, I was afraid of fever, and felt anxious to avoid another night out, so I left the boys to follow and went on alone. At sunset there was no Umtali to be seen; the rain began to come down in torrents; it got dark almost immediately, and I lost the footpath. There was nothing for it but to spend the night without blanket, gun, boys, matches, or food. Knowing that lions were all round, I tried to find a tree to climb, but gave it up for fear of going to sleep after my twenty-seven miles' walk, and of tumbling off. I shall never forget those hours. If ever I felt the need and power of prayer it was then, and the presence of God seemed very real and near. About 3 a.m. I fell asleep, and woke just as the day was breaking, full of praise and gratitude to God for His care and protection. Soon afterwards I found the footpath again, and reached Umtali about 7 a.m.

‘The Bishop was very ill in bed with fever, and soon afterwards he was carried into the hospital. Eight days later an attack of hæmaturia set in, which is the most dangerous form this fever can take. We were all terribly anxious, and the doctor sent for the Arch-deacon, thinking he ought to be near. Thank God, by the great care of the Sisters\* (who are simply splendid, and valued intensely by all here), he pulled through after a long attack of twenty-one days. Then the doctor insisted on his leaving at once, so as to avoid a relapse, etc.’

I know that the whole system of founding our Mashonaland Mission can have grave objections brought against it. Such energies and forces as we had we spread all over the country, instead of concentrating them in one place. I know perfectly well the advantages of such concentration. It is much the cheapest way of working a mission; it is much the pleasantest way; it is the safest way. The danger of loss among our workers, of sickness, of depression, of hunger, of moral failures, is incalculably reduced. The responsibility resting on the head of the mission is reduced also.

\* The Church of England Hospital Nurses.

Whether the language, where there are no books, would be as quickly learnt, since English would be usually spoken in these centres, is a question. But after all this has been done, and the well-trained band start to evangelize, what would they be in danger of finding? First, supposing the missionaries and other white men to have had an equally good start in the country, as we must allow for some bad white men, however good the rest may be, should we not find that the natives, with that strange perverseness that characterizes them, had picked up nearly every European vice, in addition to their own, with no counteracting influence side by side with the bad to help them? I presume there was some reason for a Mashona, who had been travelling with me for some time, turning to one of our catechists and saying, 'Why is not the Bishop vicious like other white men?' And though it was no compliment to me, it was an unpleasant reflection on other white men that he had met.

A white man who was in the country some time ago writes of a Mashona boy: 'He is such a jolly boy . . . the son of a chief's wife. He has worked for white men ever since they came into the country, and had learnt a great deal

of evil. He had learnt to swear horribly in English, and had been drunk more than once on whisky.' And though he could have got drunk on his native beer, and probably would have done so, it is well that the natives should not associate this with the white men who wish to teach them and raise them.

If the Gospel is to compete with the world among native races, let them at least start equally. I should say, let the Gospel make every effort to be ahead of the world. Better have a witness for God brought before every native village in the country, though with stammering lips, rather than none at all. Go and tell them before 'the drink' comes, in that you are a witness for God against their getting drunk, that God wishes all His children to be fairly treated; that the whole English race, being Christians, do not want to harm them. I believe that first impressions with them are most lasting; and that, if it is possible to associate in their minds a white man with his telling them of a God, and his not wanting anything from them, and his treating the people well, a very great point is gained, and they can look on bad white men as exceptions.

It is a less worthy argument to bring forward

that in all probability in an open country there will be more than one Christian mission, and that if one mission does not in some way associate itself with the different chiefs, another one will. But still, though we may thank God that any form of Christianity is taught to the heathen, yet we naturally believe our own to be the best; and, if we intend to evangelize a people at all, there is not much good in turning out a highly-skilled collection of teachers to find that other missions have occupied all, or nearly all, the ground.

I had seen this position very strongly exemplified in Basutoland. For some fifty years the French Protestant missionaries had worked there. They were in many parts of the country. Then some few years ago the Church of England sent her missionaries. I believe that every reasonable care was taken that the missions should not clash; but, try as much as they each would, in their single-hearted zeal for the promotion of Christianity, it was necessary that somewhat different views should be put before the natives by the two missions; and it is well that this should, if possible, be avoided. So I contend that there are cases where, if a mission is going into a country at all, its field of opera-

tions had better be as wide as possible ; and on the principle that one builds a framework of a house first as large as one wants it, and fills in the details afterwards, it seems well to occupy the land, if that land is presumably not too large, and fashion the details in every mission station as time goes on. Obviously this is open to many objections, and many faults can be found in the work as it goes on. Our workers are often isolated ; we are not able to take up work at different chiefs' towns as soon as we had hoped, and disappointments and misunderstandings may arise ; the great distances to be crossed court greater catastrophes ; but the real question is whether in fifty years' time the mission is not on a better basis by pursuing this line of action. There are other countries where the system of concentration would be the best, if not the only system to be adopted.

I think the ideal position as regards the relation of one mission to another was taken up by the London Missionary Society when we proposed to go into Mashonaland. We agreed that we should go to Mashonaland, and that they should stay in Matabeleland. They considered Mashonaland as our country ; we considered Matabeleland as theirs. I think we each

knew that there was no danger of the one going into the other's country. When, however, other missions began to come into Mashonaland in the track of the British South Africa Company, our duty was to try, as far as possible, to modify the difficulties that would arise. As I was travelling southward to see almost the last of the chiefs with whom I have made arrangements at different times to send teachers, I met the Wesleyan mission coming into the country for the first time. Mr. Schimmins, the minister (who afterwards stayed in Mashonaland), and ourselves then began the friendly relations as regarded the missions that lasted till I left, and, I presume, are lasting still. His courtesy was invariable, and in no case did he infringe on that form of agreement among the missions which I was endeavouring to establish. He gave up a farm near Umtasa's because our mission was there. On the other hand, we made no objections to his putting a mission at Gambisa's, though we had an agreement with this chief that we should come there. But we had no teacher to spare who could go there; and as Mr. Schimmins had visited Gambisa, not knowing of our agreement, it seemed only right that he should

not be hindered. He put another mission at Lo Magondi's, where we had no intention of going, though the chiefs that our mission visited were in a cluster to the east.

We had most pleasing relations, also, with another society—the Dutch Reformed Church. I think I remember the facts correctly. They had had three representatives at or near Gutu's town in the south. Two of the three had died; and when I was in Fort Victoria, hearing they were intending to abandon the place, I asked them if this was so, as one of our best missionaries had suggested our taking it up. They said they had no intention of abandoning it, and were going north to look for other openings. I do not think they found any.

A representative of the Salvation Army was in Fort Salisbury. I saw him when we were putting our Church of England school and schoolmaster at Fort Salisbury, and I wished to know what children we were likely to have. I remember that our interview was very satisfactory. I do not know what native work they had taken up.

The Roman Catholics started, I believe, an industrial mission-farm to the east of Fort Salisbury, and I heard that they worked in

the district, and intended founding a mission near Fort Victoria. One of their missionaries had been in Motoko's country on the east, and, I believe, had made arrangements to send a mission there. I once walked about a hundred miles with one of their priests, and I thought him a most courageous, self-denying man. He had been somewhere in the north-east near the Zambesi before, and I suppose he had arrived nearest to speaking the Mashona language of any of the European missionaries in Mashonaland. He wrote a grammar that I mean to say something about farther on.

Of our happy relations with the American missionaries in the extreme south-east I have already spoken.

These notes on other missions are in no way intended to be an exhaustive account of their mission-work, but roughly to show the relations of the missions to each other as far as I remember them. But when we consider that the whole original intention in founding a Mashonaland mission was to have a mission for the natives, that this was being planned more than nine years ago, and how many have been working in the cause in England as well as in Mashonaland, it is not very wonderful that

some little progress, with all its mistakes and failures, has been made by the English Church. And though I could not quite endorse the remark made to me by one of the missionaries of another Church, after he had been for a long journey in Mashonaland—‘All the great chiefs in the country are in your hands’—because it was not correct, yet I presume we have a footing among the natives in Mashonaland for which we ought to be very thankful. We know perfectly well that to have a footing among these people does not mean that they intend to become Christians immediately : but it is a step in the right direction. Once, in another part of Africa, the chief of a very large tribe, after putting on his fighting head-dress, danced a war-dance before me, and then, taking off the head-dress, gave it to me (I have it still), and promised that he would never raid upon his people again. Now, I am practically sure that he did not keep his promise : but it was a step forward for him to feel that it was right to give up raiding, and to recognise that I was the representative of the moral power to which he ought to submit his will.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WHERE DO MISSIONS FAIL?

BEFORE ending these notes on purely native missions, it may be of some little use to examine the position rather more thoroughly. We all allow that money and energy are expended on missions. 'To what purpose is this waste?'

First, I would say that objections to missions seem to me to have their home in England rather than Africa. Of other countries I cannot speak from any experience. In Africa I can hardly remember a single objection to missions coming from anyone whose opinion would carry any weight. There are mysterious people spoken of in England as 'old officers,' whom I am told bring to England accounts of the uselessness of missions. I cannot recall having met any of the class in Africa. Indeed,

the impression deeply embedded in my mind is that English officers were among our greatest friends. The first list of supporters of the Mashonaland mission was, I believe, composed entirely of English officers of the army and navy in the highest positions, and governors of districts then resident in Africa. It was one in the highest position of all who, when the Mashonaland mission was first being founded, volunteered without my asking to help us. This would hardly be the action of an intelligent and honourable man who believed that missions did rather harm than good.

At the largest meeting which had then been held for political purposes in Fort Salisbury, the chairman said that the missions had done more good in Mashonaland, during the short time they had been there, than had been done by the long-established Matabeleland mission. He meant no reflection on the Matabeleland missions, but on the Matabele themselves; it was, however, indirectly, a great compliment to the Mashonaland missions.

One of the leading officials of the British South Africa Company, who had, perhaps, as good opportunities of knowing what was being done as anyone, spoke of the work which was

being done by the English Church mission in Mashortaland as 'splendid.' It is only incidentally that I mention the English Church mission as connected with the evidence on missions in general.

Such opinions ought to have some weight as against the vague objections to missions that are poured into credulous English ears.

I was once riding with an officer, who knew more of this subject than most men, and, speaking of a country which was pre-eminent for its prosperity, peace, and especially the courage and general ability of its people, he said, as nearly as I can remember : ' What this country is to-day is, to a great extent (or in the main), what the missionaries have made it.' Some of the happiest memories of my life in Africa are associated with English soldiers and sailors, and I hardly think this would have been so had they been otherwise than well-disposed towards missions. Perhaps it can be argued that they are used themselves to obey, and, without going deeper into the question, are prepared to help us to carry out Christ's commands. Those who have read the life of the first Duke of Wellington, by his chaplain, will remember that when someone, who

ought to have known better, was questioning the value of missions, his answer was, 'What are your marching orders?—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."' But I think soldiers' knowledge of missions often extends farther than obeying the command. They know their value.

Some years ago, one of our most distinguished English officers, speaking at a meeting in Cape Town, was comparing the work done by English soldiers and English missionaries in Africa. He would hardly have underrated the value of his own profession, but he put the work of missions first.

And among others, too, in Africa, I never remember any man saying, about any particular mission, that he did not think it was doing good. I may have heard more than once someone say, 'I don't see any good in teaching the niggers,' but never that the 'niggers' of any especial place were the worse for being taught. It is outside Africa, and in England, that the ideas hostile to missions seem to flourish. It was when I was first going out to Africa that I was told that it was well known that Dr. Livingstone always travelled alone for some iniquitous purpose, of which he did not wish

other Europeans to know anything. My informant was much annoyed because I expressed my doubts as to the truth of the assertion. I think that he then said that everyone in Africa knew it to 'be so. I lived afterwards for some time in Africa, and never heard a suggestion of it again.

I know that among a certain section of the European population in Africa any movement towards raising the natives in any way would be resented, and I presume that they would disapprove of the action of the civil authorities in encouraging schools for general education among natives; but this is a very different position to saying that, from our standpoint in England, Christianizing the natives does no good. *Their* position would be that they wish to treat the native as a thing to be used: that any elevation of him may put ideas into his head that had better not be there: that he may know too much for them. The position taken by the enemies of missions in England is a totally different one—that the native is injured by the process.

I remember one of the leading politicians among the Dutch once talking to me on the subject. He was a man of whom any country

could so well be proud that I feel in quoting him I am quoting the best expression of the sentiments among the Dutch gentlemen of the highest type. I cannot recall the words exactly, but the beginning of our conversation was something like this :

‘ Now tell me, Bishop—this Christianizing of the natives—why do you spend time and money in such a work? Are there not your own people in England to look after? But,’ he said, stopping himself, ‘ perhaps you go only on our Lord’s command ?’

I said that it was on that we did go.

‘ Then,’ he replied, ‘ of course, if you do, there is nothing more to be said.’

I am glad that there was a great deal more to be said, and we both said it, and both understood each other the better in the saying.

One great proof of the growth of feeling in favour of missions in Africa is that the Dutch Church is taking action in the matter that would astonish those people in England who affect to believe that no one who knows anything of the subject from local information could support missions. And I think I may say that when Dutch people in their corporate capacity believe they are right in sending

missions to the African natives, the opposers in England of missions to natives in Africa have received a severe blow.

Whenever this subject is brought up, and vague general aspersions on missions are scattered about, I have always the same feelings that can be summed up shortly. Do give us some *facts*. The hypothesis on which the whole argument against missions is founded is constantly open to contradiction at the very outset; but a magnificent superstructure is built on this flimsy foundation.

To take two general contentions advanced in England. The native is injured by becoming a Christian. I ask, where? Which native? Do people mean to say that the natives being educated at Lovedale are becoming a lower class than their grandfathers and grandmothers? That the London Missionary Society's Institution at Kuruman is turning out men and women who would have been more useful to society if they had been left alone? I can speak feelingly about this last Institution, because one of the men who went with me in one of my longest journeys came from it; and not only was he one of the best of natives with whom I have ever had to

do, but one of the best interpreters, one of the best horsemen, absolutely fearless, and, though I have met many since, I think the best waggon-driver that I have ever seen.

Will they tell us that the Christian natives at the French Protestant missions in Basutoland, or at our own missions there, are inferior to the untrained heathen natives around them? Will they tell us that they are less clean, less truthful, less hard-working, less useful as servants? I laugh as I write it.

There was one large native town in Africa pre-eminent for evil living. An ex-magistrate, when speaking of the trouble that arose on account of the native women going to the European quarter, said that, however, he had never seen a Christian woman there, and had never seen a Christian man drunk.

I don't say that there may not be instances in Africa of the general degeneracy of the natives after the introduction of Christianity. I can only say that, after some little experience, I have never seen or heard of such cases.

We do not say for a moment that there may not be grave difficulties in the transition state. When old tribal restrictions, as among the Zulus and Matabele, are abolished, it is neces-

sary that many, who were restrained only by such restrictions, may do wrong things that they would never have done before. The evil is then generally attributed to civilizing and Christianizing the natives. Before moral restraints take the place of physical ones, and the Christian character gets somewhat established, it must be hard, in the case of social morality for instance, to supply a motive for morality equal to the old tribal penalties for immorality ; but I venture to say that these penalties were not on account of wrongdoing, as we understand the word, but on the ground of the rights of property and value of property. And I also venture to think that no length of education under such a system will awaken that sense of sin and wrongdoing which is essential to the highest development of man.

Before going to Mashonaland I had a good deal to do with one mission where the people were somewhat in this state of transition. There were some six hundred communicants in the mission. No one could accuse the admirable missionary of undue leniency. Every year a list was made of those who had been bad failures ; I think there were usually about seven or eight. I dare say many failed of

whom nothing was known; but, if the missionary did not know his people, I hardly think anyone else did, or could have given an opinion about them that was better worth having.

Of course, in African towns there are men and women with Christian names who are leading bad lives. But, first, it would be well to ask whether these people are Christians at all, and not only people who have picked up Christian names; then, if they are found to be Christians, whether they are members of any mission at all, and have not been rejected on account of their failings. If they have been, they are in the same position as similar people would be in England, where it would not be supposed that the failings of individuals prove the uselessness of Christianity. 'It is not Christianity that fails, but Christians.'

I may be unobservant, but I have entirely failed, from any conceivable point of view, to see any advantage in leaving natives in their heathenism. I am not speaking now of the coming of the white man generally, which is a totally different question, and must be argued on totally different lines, but of the coming of the missionaries, as Dr. Livingstone went to the Makololo, or Dr. Moffat to the Matabele,

or as the French Protestant mission went to the Basuto. These comings seem an unmixed benefit; nor is the benefit one degree lessened when their coming is associated with the general inroad of the Europeans. The life which the men and women of the London Missionary Society passed in Matabeleland after white men had come to Buluwayo had no less good effect than if the missionaries had been alone in the country. They were in no way associated in people's minds with the Europeans who came in to trade or for gold concessions. Mr. Helm was a good deal used as an interpreter, and his house was a good deal used as a hospital, or unpaid hotel, and I dare say many a white man owes his life to Mrs. Helm's nursing and care; but they were never a *part* of the white population round Buluwayo, or wherever the chief's kraal happened to be.

And among the natives they were looked on in a perfectly different light to the other white men. I remember being told that whenever that kind of conversation was going on among the native women in a kraal which the Matabele knew the missionaries would disapprove of, immediately a missionary came in it would stop.

When I first stayed with the missionaries in Matabeleland, I felt sure that in no popular outbreak against the white men would there be any national rising against the mission; in fact, once when the people were very much excited one of the staff was caught, but let go again when they found who he was. And though probably the missionaries would not have been justified in making the experiment, my firm belief is they would have been uninjured had they stayed in their homes right through the Matabele war. I remember it being said that the only person who could say anything she wished to Lobengula was the widow of one of the Matabele missionaries.

It is, perhaps, hardly fair to my adversaries to quote the case of Khama as one where, although Europeans were allowed in the country, the effect made on the natives by missions was all for good; for Khama kept out the English drink-smugglers almost 'at the point of the bayonet,' and consequently the English he had around him were of a most exceptionally high class. I fear that it will be a sorry day for that country if it ever passes out of his absolute control.

I have said that the benefit of missions is

in no way lessened when they are associated with the coming of the white man; indeed, then they are all the more important. In Basutoland, for instance, the native sees the righteous government of the white man working side by side with the religion that, acting on the white man for many centuries, has produced that government. He sees, in so far as it is possible, every bad influence and demoralizing power excluded from the country. The whole race, materially, morally, spiritually, is progressing under the joint influence. It is an object-lesson, showing both to European and African what can be done when natives are taken care of as they should be.

But when precautions are *not* taken to keep bad influences from the natives, then it is that missions should be strongest. They should witness that vices brought in by bad men are *not* a part and parcel of European life; that the evil that they see among Europeans is not allowed by, but is opposed by, the white man's religion; that there are thousands of white men in the country of the great white Queen who have a hatred of everything which is bad or injurious to the native races, and are doing what they can to stop it.

One of the happiest sides of mission-work is the rapidity with which black heathen savages will distinguish between a collection of indifferent white men who do not behave well, and the missionaries or those who try to be fair to them. Once, when living near a European camp, the natives would come to us complaining that white men had ill-treated them. Well, it didn't mean much, but it was a proof that they felt that, though they might be ill-treated by one class of white men, they had sympathy from another. But it is only right to say that in the same camp there was an English officer to whom they also came in their troubles just as much as they would come to us, because they knew that he, too, would help them if he could. All of which shows that a higher influence is most valuable, even when the tendency of white men's conduct would be to drag down the white man's religion.

Mr. Selous not long ago gave a lecture at Exeter Hall on 'Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa.' As one of the oldest English travellers in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, and as one who has spent the greater part of his life there, Mr. Selous is to be listened to when he speaks of natives. 'Many

### *WHERE DO MISSIONS FAIL?*

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would tell them,' he said, 'that white men could only work with natives by brutality and force. He entirely denied that proposition. There were some men of brutal natures who would never inspire the natives with any confidence; but people who treated natives fairly, kindly, and justly got on with them very well—in fact, if they behaved to them as gentlemen. Many said the natives were not capable of gratitude. He denied it, and thought those who said so had generally done nothing to elicit it.'

From every conceivable point of view I can see no valid argument against Christianizing the native. I think that we cannot speak so decidedly about every system used. A mission-station where a premium of any kind is put upon the natives becoming Christians is open to objections. Bad families expelled from their own tribes, or too lazy to work, may be attracted there. Of course, missionaries who understand their business will counteract the possible evil: but there *is* a possible evil. I cannot say that I have seen any. I once did get a bad boy from a mission-station—a shocking bad boy; he was not a native, but a half-caste, and I should say that his failings could not be attributed to the system, but

rather to accidents which might have occurred in any other place.

When I say that in some mission-stations a premium may be put on natives becoming Christians, I think I may easily be misunderstood. I have never heard of any inducement in any shape or form being offered to persuade them to become Christians; but the fact of being allowed to settle on a farm, which exists as a part of the machinery of a mission which has for its object the Christianizing of the natives, must somewhat bias the settlers. However, in every well-managed mission the good to be gained probably far outweighs any shortcomings.

An ideal mission, no doubt, is one which is placed in a purely native country, and where the chief and people give, and the missionaries receive. The people accept Christianity on its own merits, neither influenced in its favour by any material ends to be gained, nor prejudiced against it by seeing professing Christians who are leading bad lives. But this is Utopian. There comes a time in the history of all these native races when they must needs come into contact with the white man; but it would be well for them if they had had for some time

the influences of Christianity affecting them before they had to face the world of European immigration. This is the condition of the mission established by Mr. Coillard among the Barotse to the north of the Zambesi, in so far as there has been no general immigration there as yet. This is the condition of the missions in Basutoland, where the missionaries have fair play, and every bad European influence that can be is kept out of the country.

In a European colony, as Cape Colony, no such conditions can exist. Mission-work must take a somewhat different form. Industrial institutions can and do take a far more prominent place. But as this is a side of mission - work of which I know nothing, my opinion on it would be valueless.

In the town of Bloemfontein, when there was no industrial mission, and the English Church, so far as work among the natives and half-castes was concerned, devoted itself entirely to the spiritual and educational side of the work, one might have expected to see some of the evils connected with a mission attached to a European town. I knew, perhaps as well as most people, what the failings in con-

## *MEMORIES OF MASHONALAND*

nection with the 'Native Location' were, but what conceivable connection they had with Christianity it would have been hard to imagine. Whatever was wrong Christianity was continually protesting against. The half-caste congregation and school, the native congregation and school, the saintly women who worked and have worked for years among them—to hear these spoken against, to hear their work disparaged, to be told they are not elements of good, to be told that they are anything else than manifestations of the Spirit of God on earth, rouses all the righteous indignation of which human nature is capable. Never shall I forget our confirmation of the lepers. They had been taught and prepared for confirmation mainly by these devoted women, and what I saw was the result of long work among them. The knowledge of the pain they give to those who are working in God's cause might be some inducement to many of our countrymen in England to study the subject—we ask nothing more—before they lightly disparage mission-work.

We are told that the first step towards educating the native is to make him work. There is no one who more thoroughly agrees with this than the experienced missionary.

Obviously, when his funds only allow of his keeping one servant, he cannot provide work for all those whom he is teaching, and he can only attend to his side of their education; but he would encourage the teaching of the native to work by every means in his power. My own experience was that the missionaries had particularly good servants, which seems to be much the same thing, under the circumstances, as saying that they made them work well. I used to say that the only material advantage in being a missionary was that one got better servants than other people generally did.

In Mashonaland, though in the day of very small things, we were establishing the idea that we intended to receive no native who was not prepared to work. When our catechist, Bernard, brought Kapuia, the most hopeful of his hearers, asking that he should be made into a catechumen, and he stayed at our mission at Umtali, he knew how we thought about this, and whenever he was not helping us with the language, he was working at the house. I suppose there was no place where the natives had to work so consistently as at the mission, where they had, as a body, to get up earlier, and waste less time during the day. We could

practically always get labour, however, although we probably paid less than was paid in the European camps, because the natives knew that they would be treated fairly, and that there would be no difficulty about payment at the end of the time.

If an attack were made on educating the native without teaching him Christianity, it would be far less easy to defend the position. It must be allowed that to educate only, without implanting any moral principles or spiritual strength, might only help them to extend their natural vices to a larger field of action. But what has this to do with mission-work? If anyone encourages such a system, it would be the civil rather than the religious authorities. But if his education is to be used for a good end, directed by religion, why should the native not be educated?

I remember one of the highest authorities on travelling in Africa telling me years ago that if I wished to do a long journey by myself I must take 'educated natives' with me. I think I did better. I took Christian educated natives. I wish they had been more educated. If they could have all written, they would have been of more value.

To us who have seen the working of missions the theory that native Christians are taught to sing hymns and little else seems too foolish even to refute. As a rule they love singing hymns, and sing them much as a very uneducated congregation would sing them in England—more or less out of tune; and their hymn-singing plays about the same part in their Christian education as it does in England, neither more nor less.

A very fair instance of the view taken by one phase of thought appeared in the *Times* of June 6 of this year. As it produces some of the old arguments, perhaps the writer will not object to its being used as a kind of textbook to work on. The writer has all the credentials which would allow us to take his opinion as that of an English gentleman who has at heart the welfare of the people with whom he has to do. He first deals with the 'gin traffic.' Now, when we speak of 'drink' and 'the drink traffic' in Africa, only people who know the facts of the case as we think it exists can understand us. No one need be a total abstainer to think strongly about this. The writer says that he is informed that the gin sent to West Africa is 'not a

poisonous, unwholesome compound,' and he speaks of a 'friendly glass.' But we must ask whether the conditions here described are the same all over Africa. In one town in Africa, that I had a great deal to do with, I was informed on evidence that I considered reliable that among the thousands of natives employed there had been at one time as many bottles of brandy as there were natives sold per week, and (I trust my informant was alluding to rare cases) that it had been found to be adulterated with salt, bluestone, vitriol, paraffin, and tobacco. An influential manager of natives informed me that out of a batch of two thousand it had been rare to find two sober men after Sunday (of course this may have been only a *façon de parler*), and that this state of things was only brought to an end by their being shut up and prevented from getting at the drink-shops.

I do not think that this seems appalling to minds which have long looked on the native as a thing to use. 'You will' never tame the natives,' said a European to me once, 'till you bring drink among them.' And when alluding to the difficulty of making natives spend the gold that they got for their work, it was

suggested that you would never get back the sovereigns from them till you brought drink among them. This is going farther than the 'friendly glass.'

The writer goes on to say that without the importation of gin the natives would still find intoxicants, and that he had seen them 'hopelessly drunk on palm wine.' We all agree; and it is precisely what we say—that the native is not the innocent sober person that mission-haters would have us believe him to be; but we also say that if, as the writer asserts, they do get drunk, we ought not to send in still more 'drink,' on the principle that a public-house should not supply liquor to a drunken man; and we believe that the drunkenness born of the 'drink' often given to them has a worse effect on them than that produced by their own intoxicants. Quite accidentally I came upon an old note mentioning that I had been told that some years ago the natives of a place under European influence had on one occasion, after their weekly bout, done more than usual damage to each other, and this was because their 'drink' had been more than usually adulterated.

The writer then proceeds to say that 'mis-

sionaries are too apt to attribute to gin, etc., their failure to impress the tenets of Christianity with sufficient force upon the natives of West Africa, forgetting the difficulties and drawbacks of the Christian religion itself from an African point of view.' We don't in the least forget the difficulties in the way of an African receiving Christianity ; but we ask that they may not be made greater by our fellow-countrymen flooding the country with such 'drink.' Should anyone think that the evil is being exaggerated, and that this 'drink' does not do so much harm after all, we can see how powerful a factor it is considered by those who do not wish well to the native. I am quoting second-hand, but I have every reason to believe that the quotation is correct. 'Signor M——, who has lately published a book on Abyssinia, writes : "We must help to make the natives disappear . . . by intermittent fusillades and daily brandy."'

The writer then says : 'The uncompromising attitude of the missionaries towards polygamy is another serious hindrance to the advance of Christianity.' But surely the question is not whether the uncompromising attitude towards polygamy is a hindrance or not, but whether

it is right. The forbidding of many things considered unlawful is a hindrance to the rapid progress of Christianity, but the position cannot be therefore abandoned. If polygamy is morally right for a Christian, there is no valid reason that we should not be polygamists in England to-day. If it is morally wrong, it should be given up by Africans.

It is no valid argument that in time the custom will be dropped. Why should it be? If it be not dropped when the converts accept Christianity, when would we suggest its being dropped? It is then the convert professes to give up all that is wrong. If it is not given up on their being received as Christians, it can only be on the ground of its not being wrong, and therefore need never be given up. It is perpetuated; the chance of reform in this matter is lost.

Again, we argue the difficulties and drawbacks of their giving up polygamy half on one platform and half on another. We are told we must make allowances for natives' ideas. Most certainly. We are then asked who is to support the wives which are given up. And no doubt harrowing pictures of starving wives could be imagined. But are we looking at the question

from a correct point of view? In my experience it is the four or five wives that have worked for themselves *and* their husbands, and who have supported themselves *and* a fourth or fifth part of their husband; and if they are sent away, they only have to support themselves. Then, again, who are to support the poor children? I doubt whether a native would understand the dilemma. We are introducing European ideas of house-rent, and school-attendance, and shops. A boy is not a great tie on a household—the relationship sits rather loosely; while a girl is worth, in the heathen world south of the Zambesi, several head of cattle, and no far-sighted heathen family would easily give her up. If, however, the wives who are asked to leave become Christians also, and they are able to free their daughters from being married for cattle, there are, no doubt, pecuniary losses to be taken into consideration, as there would also be for the father who, having become a Christian, kept the daughters. But this comes under the head of counting the cost before becoming a Christian. We do not say that there are no difficulties in stopping polygamy; we only say that, if it be an evil, it must be stopped, what-

ever the difficulties may be, or we are having a hand in perpetuating an evil.

Our writer then suggests that the best cure for 'drink' is the encouragement of the Mohammedan mission, as the Mohammedans are sober. We ask whether, in loyalty to our Christ, we as a country could adopt that idea? But, from the writer's utilitarian standpoint, there would be a stronger argument against it. We look at Turkey and the Mohammedan nations of to-day, and we are asked to encourage the raising up of other nations in that mould. Even granting (which we do not grant for a moment) that Mohammedanism in itself is a greater power than Christianity in producing sobriety, the reproducing of Mohammedan nations over the world would be a heavy price to pay even for a short and rapid road to sobriety.

The writer says that he fails to see 'why the import of spirits into West Africa should be prohibited, any more than the manufacture of spirits should be prohibited in Europe.' The cases do not seem similar. We are dealing with totally different conditions. We have to do with a collection of babies in moral questions, who don't know their right hand from their left, and who have no power

of self-control; and in the earliest stages of raising them we do ask that this totally unnecessary difficulty should not be put in their way and in ours. I know that in one colony questions were asked which virtually amounted to this: 'Why should a white man be allowed to kill himself with drink, and why should not a native be allowed to do the same?' Our answer would be: 'Because he is a poor baby, and ought to be protected.'

Then our writer tells us that 'the Christian in the stove-hat' and 'broadcloth' is a very objectionable person. I should certainly think him a very uncomfortable person under a tropical sun; but a broadcloth coat and a black hat on Sundays were not uncommon articles of clothing for our most respectable working men in English villages, so I see no moral reason against a native wearing them. I thought some of our natives generally were foolish enough in the odd bits of feathers and ribands that they would put on their hats, but I fear, during my years in Africa, I saw too few of the class in broadcloth to be any judge of them. However, the natives alluded to must have made a very good living to have bought 'stove-pipe hats' and 'broadcloth.'

which hardly falls in with what we are so often asked to believe—that the Christian native is a lazy rascal. Again, the ‘education’ which is so despised and cried down seems to be well approved of by the Europeans, or the natives would hardly earn enough to enable them to dress so well. And, moreover, they must have been steady men, and could not have spent their money on drink; and for that one is thankful. But the writer tells us that ‘it cannot be denied that Christianity and drink usually go together’; so these natives who dress so respectably are also ‘usually’ addicted to drink. This seems almost an anomaly to us who are not used to overpaying our natives, and we cannot imagine how the drinking native gets so much money in West Africa to enable him to drink as well as to dress so well.

Again, there must be a striking missionary system in existence where ‘Christianity and drink usually go together’; and though it is impossible for me to deny the fact, as I am not acquainted with the especial part of Africa to which the writer alludes, it is pleasing to think that in no part of Africa with which I have had to do was this the case. It seems strange that the missionaries, who, we are told,

were so 'uncompromising' in the question of polygamy, should be so lax in this. Indeed, it is hard to see how they could have exercised sufficient moral influence to be 'uncompromising' in any particular if their congregations were 'usually' in drink; for this is what, I presume, is meant by Christianity and drink being 'usually' associated.

But we need not go into further detail. As regards the whole question, we allow those who disagree with us credit for having at least as good intentions as ourselves: but it is well that their arguments do not convince England.

As to accusations brought against the missionaries themselves, the best answer would be to meet them by asking for evidence. I dare say there are bad missionaries; certainly I have not met them. All the failures that I have had to do with were not among missionary clergy, but in connection with those who were working among the Europeans. I do not remember a single instance of failure among the missionary clergy. Once an accusation was brought against one of them. He had opposed the opening of a canteen near his mission, but on the canteen-keeper giving what he considered sufficient security for its being properly

conducted, he withdrew the objection. I was told that the missionary had evidently been bribed to do this. It is possible; but as he had about two hundred pounds a year, and lived in a mud-hut chiefly on Indian-corn porridge and milk, and spent nearly all the rest on his mission, I do not think it probable. A friend of mine whom I considered reliable on such matters, and who had had many years' experience in Southern Africa, said that he had met only one bad missionary in Africa, and he certainly was not prejudiced in favour of them.

Now that we are on the subject of general objections to what missions do, I will say one word about natives' clothes. The curious pictures that now and again appear in the illustrated newspapers of natives in African towns do a great deal to pour contempt on the modern native; and indirectly, no doubt, missions are associated with what is considered the decadence of the race. Natives—men and women—are depicted in imbecile or ludicrous dress; the men with absurd hats, the women with tawdry finery. I presume the originals exist, or the pictures could not well have been drawn from life; but I cannot recall ever having

seen anything of the kind. Certainly we constantly saw them dressed in a way we should have wished changed ; but the failings in their European dress were more owing to poverty than anything else, though now and then there were instances of foolish men and women dressing as foolish men and women would dress in England. Sechele, a Bechuanaland chief, used on great occasions to wear a blue velvet coat with the royal arms in gold or some yellow material between his shoulders behind. It seemed odd to us, but it was not more odd than the coats worn at the Court of Louis XV. of France, not to speak of more modern coats. Natives, having much of the baby about them, like colour and effect. If a man is given a soft hat, he loves to put a feather into it. Our ancestors did the same in the times of the Stuarts.

It would have been impossible to imagine anything neater or cleaner than the appearance of the women of a congregation at one of our missions in the Orange Free State coming to their church on Sunday. They nearly always had bare feet and clean print dresses, though they had handkerchiefs of every imaginable colour on their heads. If you could have

contrasted them with a bevy of their heathen sisters coming along in their original native dress, you would hardly have asked the English question: 'But why should they not keep to their native clothes?' A leather skirt saturated with the grease and dirt of years, when worn next to the skin, is not in practice, any more than in theory, a pleasing thing in which to dress a clean woman. When the body has been long smeared with pig's fat and red ochre, the disadvantage of a skin dress is increased. And as to the amount of clothes worn, I think even those who, as a general principle, would like the natives to keep to their own clothes, would prefer the women to wear something above their waist. Objections to native dress on the ground of cleanliness could not be brought against the women of some tribes—the Matabele women, for instance, especially the chiefs' wives; nor could the charge be brought that they were not now decently dressed, though it is by the help of the traders' calico. But even in this case I should prefer them in something that would wash all through. As to the men, we must allow that the ordinary native in an old pair of very dirty trousers is not a picturesque object. The only thing to

be said in favour of such a dress is that it is better than their own. The best Mashona boy we had took to wearing trousers, which I asked him to take off, and wear a calico body-cloth. However, this is no more their 'native dress' than his trousers were. The very clean and picturesque dress of blue or white calico adopted by natives under Portuguese influence on the Zambesi and the east coast looks, in combination with a background of palm-trees, very African, but it is probably the product of English looms.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NATIVE AS A STUDY.

I WISH to preface any notes on this subject by saying that I know next to nothing whatever about it, and, further, that I have met very few people who do know very much. But I speak from the point of view of one who looked on natives and their ways as being of the greatest interest, and I feel that if I had known more I should have been capable of taking greater interest in them still.

So long as a native is looked on, as he too often is in Africa, as a thing to work and to be kicked, he will rouse no interest at all. A caterpillar rouses none in the mind of a gardener, who looks on it as something to be crushed, though to the naturalist it has another value. Perhaps it is natural that we should look at the native with the same contempt as,

no doubt, our descendants in some four hundred years' time, if the world lasts so long, will look back at us; but we should still plead that we of the nineteenth century were an interesting study, if only on account of our slow ways and antiquated ideas. So I plead for the native.

I trust that none of those at whose feet I have sat will think I am in any way undervaluing their knowledge of natives and their ways when I say that I think no one can really understand the natives of Africa who has not been brought up among them, as were such men as Sir Theophilus Shepstone, of Natal, and Mr. John Moffat, of Bechuanaland, and that these are the men whose opinions were worth having on any 'native question.' Among those who had come from England and made Africa the land of their adoption, none in judgment on the question ever seemed to me to surpass Archdeacon Crisp. Of course, there are white men who in their earliest childhood have run about and played with native children, and have grown up thinking very much like them; but though their opinions are valuable as evidence as to what is passing in the native mind, they have not the value of the opinions of men who know both sides of the question.

Will any expert wish to contradict me if I say that it is harder to know how a native thinks than how he speaks—that it is harder to understand their thoughts than their language? I heard the same idea expressed in almost the same words by a missionary from Corea, so there cannot be anything new in it.

Some people may be inclined to tell you that a native will nearly always think in precisely the opposite way to that in which we expect him to think ; and though, of course, this would be, if taken literally, an absurd exaggeration, it has a good deal of truth in it. And yet one of the oldest of African missionaries said to me : ‘ You will often find a character among the natives about whom you will say, “ I have seen you before, my friend, but you had a white face.” ’ He meant that he had known the same character in England,

I suppose the discrepancies in these opinions are to be reconciled by remembering that to speak of native character is as misleading as to speak of European character. Natives are about as different in their characters as Europeans would be, had Europeans been left under similar conditions for a thousand years. To a casual observer, no doubt, there is a

general likeness between all natives ; but there is at least as great a difference between a Zulu and a Mashona as there is between two Europeans of different nationalities ; and to use the very comprehensive term 'native,' and to say that a native does this or that, would be as misleading as to say a European does this or that, when English, French, Italians, and Spaniards are meant. If they are looked on generally as a mass of brown humanity, it is not only conceivable, but most probable, that they will be found to be most uninteresting ; but directly one goes below the surface they cease to be a mass of brown humanity.

I have said that it is more difficult to know how a native thinks than how he speaks ; and I have constantly felt that there are Englishmen in Africa holding high civil and military positions under English rule who, scarcely knowing a word of the language, have a far more correct estimate of native character and native capabilities than many who can speak their language perfectly, but seem to have failed to understand them. Happily there are some who can do both. The high official of education seems seldom to look on them as a mass of 'niggers' ; he will speak of them sepa-

rately, as he would of Europeans, recognising the differences between them; liking some, disliking others; trusting some, distrusting others. The result of this line of action seems admirable, and well repays the trouble taken.

You will hear, on the other hand, some of our countrymen speaking of the whole collection of humanity in one tribe as though they had all one character. Now, I have never been with native carriers for twenty-four hours without finding as much difference between them as between the same number of Europeans. Some were willing, some were lazy; some were most pleasant, others most unpleasant; some started at the earliest moment they could, others would not move without much persuasion; some would carry great weights, others only the smallest; some would walk over thirty miles a day, others hardly half that; some grumbled, others laughed all day; some I very much liked, others I very much disliked; some I was most sorry to lose, of others I was too glad to see the last.

I presume there are contrasts between the higher and lower class in a large tribe which are as striking in their way as those between the higher and lower classes in European

society. Allowing, for example, as much as we may wish for the effect that Christianity has had on Khama, the chief of the Bamangwato (and we may allow that it is the main factor in making him what he is), there still remains a good deal to be accounted for in the difference between him and the lower class of people of his tribe. As you talk to him, you forget he has a black face ; you only remember you are speaking to a Christian gentleman. Of course, this could not be said of all the people of his tribe.

Then there was one Basuto chief that I knew ; he was a very different type of man, but a good instance of the difference between a chief and certainly the ordinary type of native. I trust he would not mind my talking of him ; I knew something about him. He had had great opportunities. He had been sent to Cape Colony to be educated ; he had been baptized, but had come back to Basutoland and taken again to some heathen ways. Still, he was in manners and courtesy altogether delightful. If you had brought him to England, not only would he have been quite at home, but he would have looked quite at home. His way of saluting his friends he

would have had to change under the altered circumstances, for he met me with a following of his men on horses, who saluted by firing off guns and galloping; but his general manners need not have changed. I should very much like to put down some of the things that he said; but I do not think I should any more retail a private conversation with a black man that he would sooner not have had retailed than I should if he had been a white one. Perhaps someone will say that I have not taken a fair instance—that all the Basuto are superior. It is quite true; but even there the distinctions between them were most marked. Yes, there is no doubt the Basuto are very superior; and if they are left under the present form of government, with drink excluded from the country, their land reserved for themselves, and the missionaries educating them, there is no reason that they should not go on becoming more and more superior.

I said that a native always seemed to think in the opposite direction to what you supposed he would think. But is not that true to some extent of all uneducated minds? They startle educated minds with the conclusions at which they arrive. And a native, when he is an

ordinary uneducated heathen, seems to do this in an exaggerated form. But there never seemed to me to be any impassable barrier between a native and a white man. Not that I am in the least a 'negrophilist'; but the untouched native seemed to be a poor child intended to be taught and helped, and possibly, in so far as a child should be, punished, but still treated as a child. Sometimes he was more or less a well-behaved child, sometimes more or less a badly-behaved child; sometimes he was clean, sometimes dirty; sometimes brave, sometimes cowardly, but always a child. He should have temptations kept out of his way, and be kept under the strictest rule, and taught and strengthened, so that in the future he may fight the battle of life for himself. I do not at all agree with the man who said: 'The best education for a native is the Martini-Henry rifle.'

The history of the races which have had the benefit of elevating influences would possibly point to the rapidity with which natives come to think as Europeans. In my own small experience, the gulf that separated the thought of an educated Christian native from the uneducated heathen native seemed very broad.

In travelling, I always felt that the gulf did not come between myself as the white man and the rest as black men, but between myself and my native Christians on the one hand and the heathen on the other. There were certain physical peculiarities which separated us. The most striking, probably, was that the native Christian had a black face, while I had a white one. But even this never seemed to me to be sufficient reason for supposing we were not 'of one blood.' After I had been sleeping in the open for weeks, and exposed to the sun all day, the colour of my hands made such a decided movement towards that of a native's, that when my men were speaking about the possibility of our all coming from one stock, I was able to put my hand near that of my half-caste servant, and show them that there was not so much difference between his and mine after all. And it does not seem impossible that a few thousand years of such exposure, with the sun 'discouraging' the thin-skulled ones, may, in connection with past conditions of climate, soil, and food in the life of both the races, have had much to do in producing the present results.

The wonder is how quickly natives come to think like Europeans. For hours I have

walked with and talked to educated natives, and I have no hesitation in saying their conversation was most interesting. It was neither annoyance nor self-denial to be alone with them. Their power of endurance astonished me; their unselfishness shamed me. One might think that an educated native who was a friend of the white man would show some contempt for the raw native. I have found it strangely the opposite. I have seen one sharing his only blanket with his wild relation—living on terms of perfect equality with wild Mashona. It is quite possible to believe that that class of educated black man whose prominent characteristics, if we may accept accounts given of them, are large shirt-collars and high hats, do despise their untaught brothers; but in mission-work I have not had to do with them. There have been exceptions, but, as a rule, I have found the characteristic of the ordinary Christian native to be simplicity and gentleness in his dealings with the heathen, combined with a perfectly inoffensive tendency to imitate the ways of the white men.

I am convinced that half the ill-feeling between the races is because we don't understand them, and they don't understand us. In one

large protectorate there is a tradition of an official who was supposed to have some African blood in his veins, and whose power over the natives was very remarkable. He probably did not speak their language better than many others, but he thoroughly understood them. They said of him: 'He can turn us inside out'—*i.e.*, he knew what they were thinking of.

I feel deeply how constantly I misjudged both my Christian and heathen natives. Once, near the banks of the Zambesi, I came to within a few miles of a great chief's town, and was stopped. A messenger had to be sent to say that I was coming. This was in the morning; and I waited, expecting the answer to come back. The day wore on, and I became hungrier and hungrier. I am afraid, also, that I became very much annoyed, and sat on a log preparing all kinds of remarks for the chief about his inhospitality. Towards evening the messenger arrived, and we were hurried away to the town. Then we found the cause of the delay: he could not receive us till everything was arranged properly. Our sleeping-huts had to be newly smeared with mud; an immense dinner had to be provided. And when we did

arrive, and I and my two head-servants sat down to his food, I felt thoroughly ashamed of my own ignorance, and was thankful I had not broken all the etiquette of the hospitable tribe by my impatience. I hope he felt repaid by the amount we ate ; we had not had such a meal for a long time.

An instance of misunderstanding that might have been serious happened but a short time ago in Mashonaland. A white man came at night, when it was dark, to the neighbourhood of a village. He found some natives in a cave with wooden bars in front. He asked as well as he could to be allowed to come in. The natives gave their reasons for keeping him out. He did not understand them, and threatened to shoot into the cave if they kept him out ; so they let him in, and he slept among them. The next morning he found that they all had the small-pox, and had been isolated by the rest of the tribe, and therefore they wished to keep him out.

In travelling, one constantly hears of trouble between the white men and their black carriers. One reason is that most of our ideas on the question of travelling are totally different to theirs. For instance, they hate starting early

in the morning because they have no shoes, and the cold ground hurts their feet; they have no clothes, so they like sitting over the fire till the sun is well up. We like starting early, so as to avoid the mid-day sun; they don't mind the mid-day sun. Again, they scarcely ever travel at night; 'only dogs and white men travel at night.' And if we had no boots we should not like to go through the dark carrying a load, and knocking our naked toes against stumps and stones. Then, as to hours of feeding: they take two meals a day; but the European often finds it hard to fit in his hours with those of the native, if he wants to do twenty miles a day or more. So someone's hours must be disarranged; and probably the European, for the sake of getting over the greatest amount of ground, disarranges his own, which is a dangerous thing to do when walking in that climate. So, the sun being hot, and the white man tired, and his nerves bad, and the black carrier irritating to him, he is apt to fly at the black carrier and kick him and beat him; and this the black man bears quite patiently at the time, but he, too, is apt on the first opportunity to retaliate by waiting till the white man's back is turned, and then

throwing his load into the bush and running away.

I do not remember carriers deserting me more than once when I was alone; and why these two carriers one day put their loads carefully down near the road and went away, I could never imagine; but as there were two more 'running loose,' and ready to pick them up immediately, no harm was done. On another occasion my men told me of a load being found near the road immediately on starting. I say especially that carriers used not to desert me *when I was alone*; for when there are other white men in the party, the spell that seems to bind them to their one master is broken. My humble advice is, always to travel without other white men, if possible. I don't say that then you will have no trouble, for I have always said that if you can keep your temper with bad native carriers you can keep it with anyone; but I think you will be less harassed if alone than if you have other white men with you. A difficulty arises if one is ill when alone; but, if the journey is not too long, the advantages of being alone outweigh this drawback. There is so much less responsibility; no one's opinion has to be asked in

a difficulty. Once, when alone, I knew I was going to be ill, and I gave my half-caste servant full instructions as to what he was to do if I became incapable of giving them him myself; and nothing could have been more admirable than the care that he and the other men took of me, doing exactly what they had been told to do, and scarcely making a sound for fear of disturbing me.

I should advise anyone intending to take a long journey on foot in Africa to study the native character for a year or so before starting, and to read any books that may bear on the subject. Of all the books that I read, those that helped me most were Dr. Livingstone's and Mr. Selous's. In all dealings with the natives in ordinary everyday intercourse, both these travellers treated them much alike; and consequently, considering where they went, they had comparatively little trouble with their natives: and there is none of the abuse of the 'nigger' which seems to delight some writers on the subject. They understood their natives, and their natives understood them. When one of the leading men of South Africa said to me, as nearly as I can remember, 'I always say, Bishop, that if I had a difficult journey to do,

I should ask you to go with me, for you always come through all right, and you seem to do it on nothing,' I answered that, if it were so, it would only be because, when I first came into the country, I had had no opinion of my own, but did exactly what Mr. Selous told me.

We shall never understand much about natives till at least we have recognised from what a different point of view the native looks at things to what we do. Even to their women, forgiveness would probably never be looked on as a virtue. It was the fashion among the widows of Umziligazi, the Matabele chief, to look down on Lobengula, who was then chief, as being somewhat degenerate. They used to say of Umziligazi: 'He was a king; he knew how to kill,' alluding to his despotic official murders among his own people. I think that they considered Lobengula did not exercise enough his prerogative of killing; and yet from our point of view the amount of killing seemed sufficiently terrible. Apart from casual killings, there was generally a yearly killing for witchcraft after the Ingwala dance—the dance of the firstfruits—the yearly<sup>h</sup> gathering at the king's kraal.

This tendency to admire strength, however

brutal, makes, I think, a great difficulty in teaching natives one side of Christianity. If they have to do with two white men, one of whom beats them and the other does not, they will probably prefer working for the latter, but I think they would keep their admiration for the former. He represents strength—a chief's characteristic; he is the greater chief of the two. They may not like the painful kick with a heavy nailed boot on a naked body, but it represents strength.

On the other hand, their general not only acceptance of, but attachment to, our teachers, when they had a fair opportunity of knowing about them, was very remarkable. I remember reading in a book on Mashonaland that the natives disliked the missionaries. It may have been so. I should, however, say that the opinion of those who have studied the question for some time is as valuable as the opinion of a writer who gives his views after necessarily very imperfect observation; and I think we should find that most of those who know anything of the subject would agree that the relations which the natives have established between themselves and our missions are most strikingly friendly. And if they do hate our

missions, they have concealed it in a most remarkable way, and have apparently expressed their hatred, in the great majority of cases, by doing everything in their power to welcome and help us.

The spirit generally shown to the mission can be seen in the following extracts from letters by our missionaries, and I choose them, also, as containing one or two instances of our teachers not having been well received at first ; but I consider the cases most exceptional. One of them writes :

‘ Bernard told me a Mashona who had been to Cape Town with some white men, and had now returned near Maguendi’s, was anxious to be taught, so he is to go to Maconi’s, as that is where we want to make a strong centre, especially as Kapuiya can and will impart what he has learned. I hear that Jacob has gone back to Mapondera’s, though there was some talk of killing him ; but he says : “ Well, if one is doing right, one must not be afraid of being killed.” Our oxen, which the natives had driven away, have been returned, as they said, “ The *umfundisi* (teacher) has done no harm ; why should we take his cattle ? ” ’

Again he writes :

'I don't know whether I told you that catechist Frank has lately been raided by Maconi, who used to profess such friendship for Frank. He sent fifty men over to the mission-station and took away all that was worth taking, and rather knocked Frank about. I suggested Frank should go to Umtali; but he, being a Zulu, has great contempt for Mashonas generally, and says he shall not leave his people at the station. I think it will make Maconi feel small, and teach him a lesson.'

But then I always thought Maconi was the roughest chief with whom we had to do.

The next extract is from one of our native catechists :

'I went to Chiquaqua's, but there the chief only liked me, and not the people. They did not like to hear God's Word, and did not come to hear me, and they would not leave their work on Sunday. They wanted me to pay them for building a mission-hut there, but I only gave the chief a blanket, and it was built. I stayed a few days there, and came back to Chidamba's; and when I came there they were all crying, saying: "Why did I go away?" Another said that they wanted me only

there, and I must not go anywhere else, and that I am only their teacher. As for coming to church on Sunday, there came about forty or fifty every Sunday, and the children again came every day. When I sent the young men to work at the mission's work, they would do it without wanting pay, and I gave them little presents. When any of them are sick, they used to ask me to give medicine, and I used to go to the Mazoe and get them medicine there. I did not buy the medicine; I had it given me by a white man that lives there, because he liked to help them too. I can say that they do not believe a person can speak to God while here on earth; God is too high. Their ancestors can only speak to God, because they believe that when one dies he goes to heaven, and that the ancestors can speak for them.'

Then another European missionary writes, in 1893:

'When I got to the station I found Frank and Bernard looking out for me. The former is a Zulu, and a splendid boy; all his work is so solid; but unfortunately he knows but little English. The latter comes from the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay, and is an excellent

linguist and a charming companion. I have got very fond of them both. Our station here (Frank's work) is a very good one: three well-built huts and an excellent church.'

Soon afterwards he writes again:

'After breakfast I had a long talk with the chief, who came to see me with a lot of his people. He listened most carefully to all that was said, and repeated it to his people and made them repeat it again, as he said he wanted us to be sure that all had listened to what he described as "very good words." And so it was with nearly all the chiefs I saw: they are *longing* to be taught, and seem to be most intelligently interested in what is told them. In all cases they say they would like to live better lives, and feel the want of better lives, but say they do not know how they ought to live, or what they ought to do, without someone to teach them. There is certainly a most wonderful opening for missionary work in the country. . . . After seeing Tandi, we walked on to another kraal, where we spent the night, travelling about twenty-two miles. Here they were having a big beer-drinking after harvest, and were nearly all drunk. . . .

'*July* 28.—Saw Chiduku. We had a most

interesting talk. He told me that all his life he had been fighting to rid his people of certain evils—*i.e.*, murder, theft, and immorality—but that nothing he did seemed to make any difference. If what I said was true, however, he thought the God I told him of could help him, and he begged that teachers might be sent at once, so that he might see a change before he died. It was a most striking interview. In the afternoon we went on to another village about seventeen miles away.

'*July 29.*—Went on to Maquarimba's country; the people are very surly, and we could buy no food.

'*Sunday, July 30.*—Had to go on, as we were short of food. We walked all day under the shadow of Mount Wedza, where the natives do most of their metal-working, the mountain being half iron. In the afternoon Frank developed a sharp attack of fever,' etc.

Then one of the missionaries quoted above writes again :

'I have just been out to Inyamweda's kraal, sixteen miles from Salisbury. The people asked after catechist Charlie, and great was the lamentation at hearing he was not coming back. I said in Mashona, "You loved Charlie."

"Yes, we loved him," they answered; "when is a new teacher coming?" I answered, "I hope when the rainy season is over." They long for a teacher. Next morning I got several of the boys to come to school, which they gladly did—bright-looking boys and very attentive. They squatted along by the wall, some with strings of beads hanging from the side of their heads, others with bands of beads round their waists. We said A, B, C, counted up to thirty, and then said "Our Father."

Again :

'I do long to have another catechist out; there are such opportunities. This morning I found Showra, chief of Inyamweda's kraal, where we have a station, sitting down at my door, having come in to see me. It was to tell me a sad tale of how the ants had brought down the church huts even with the ground. Still, I was glad to feel it was a matter of concern to him, and not of indifference. So I have promised to go and look at them on Monday, and see about the re-building, at which he seemed pleased.'

Again :

'Jacob, our Mazoe catechist, seems to be

doing good work. Lately at Mapondera's, near the chief's kraal, he got the Indunas of the kraals round, seven of them, and got them to promise to build a sort of school church, where their children are to be educated. This they did, each taking a part of the building, which is twenty-seven feet by twenty-one feet, ten feet walls, and to the pitch of the roof about fifteen to twenty feet. They did it without asking payment. Then they send their children and their food with them.'

The following comes from the *Daily Graphic*, November 26, 1892 :

'Canon Balfour opened a mission station at Sekie's on the Hunyani River, thirteen miles south-east of Fort Salisbury, just a year ago ; and affiliated stations were established in villages of the head-chiefs, Unyamwenda and Chidamba. On the 7th of August last, the first native-built mission church was opened at Chidamba's village, which is in the Mazoe district, about fifteen miles north of Fort Salisbury. It consists of poles, reeds, and grasses brought by natives of their own free will, and built by themselves under the direction of Mr. Frank Edwards. The building is thirty feet by fifteen feet. There being more poles, etc.,

than were required, it was suggested that a "palace" should be built for the Bishop, and that was done. It is satisfactory to know that good work is being done by the mission. The chiefs Tseki and Unyamwenda are now building mission churches in their villages similar to this one.'

All of which may not mean much, and in this last extract there are mistakes in the names, but it does mean that the Mashona people are not hostile to the mission.

I quite allow that no one knows how a native is going to act. I remember that in 1888 the two men who would have been accepted as the best of authorities on native character predicted the massacre of every white man in Matabeleland ; but no one was hurt.

It is very probable that the native has very mixed motives when he first wishes for a mission in his country. I have heard the advantages of clothes, and biscuits, and protection from the Gaza people, all mentioned as reasons why they should accept a missionary ; but our own motives are not always quite pure, and we may make allowances for their child-state. Perhaps we can make allowances for poor blacks when we remember how our

ancestors thought about missions some twelve hundred years ago.

But there were several cases where real generosity was intended. When the question of building a hut for a teacher has been raised, one chief would say, 'Who should build it if I did not?' and another that 'it was a small thing to build a house for us.'

It is very difficult for a heathen native to suppose anything is being done for him from a disinterested motive. He would hardly act from any such motive himself, and doesn't expect it in anyone else. The things he would do, he expects other people to do. When the Matabele some seven years ago were afraid of an attack being made on their country by the white men, the Matabele women were asking whether the 'white impi' would kill children 'so high' or 'so high,' putting their hands out to show the height of the children they meant.

The value of time is totally unknown to a native. 'Time,' Lobengula used to say, 'is made for slaves.' In walking with carriers this can be trying beyond words. I have known them pass a considerable part of a morning in the most leisurely waste of time, and when the limited stock of patience that lives in a white

man under a hot sun was 'almost exhausted, and the quicker because he knew it was most important to reach a certain place that day, they remarked, in the most good-natured way, that it was getting late, and that they wouldn't be able to reach the place that night ; or they would smile at all efforts to hurry matters on, probably feeling they ought to make allowances for the white man's imbecile desire to do things in a hurry. I once listened on the Zambesi to a man bringing an account of something that had happened to an ox. He seemed going on at great length, while his friend was saying 'Eh!' after each sentence ; and I began to count how many more sentences he had to say. There were two hundred and seventeen more sentences.

We may feel a certain contempt for their animal-like existence ; but in the everyday affairs of their life they show a sharpness that is by no means contemptible ; but in this, even, African natives differ as much as Europeans. In tracking footsteps, for instance, a Mosuto would probably be little better than a European ; while a Bushman, or one of the Amatonga, has a power that is to us almost incredible. One of my Basuto men had lost the horses in

the bush, and could do nothing. The ground was dry and caked, hardly any mark was made by their unshod hoofs; but a man from the Zambesi, who happened to be with us, wandered round till he found what I presume were their tracks, and went off on them and brought them back. I don't know enough of the Bushmen to speak from any experience, except in one case when the oxen had wandered and were lost in the bush. When the herd-boy had given up looking for them, two Bushmen were set to work. In this case the oxen came back alone, but at the exact place in the bush where they emerged and came into the camp, the Bushmen were seen to emerge too, following soon behind them.

When travelling with carriers it may be necessary to wait for them, but the possibility of losing them or their not finding one never occurs to the rest of the party. Near the Zambesi, where sometimes there was no path, and the grass so long that we could not see each other, we had to keep together by shouting; but this was most exceptional. To some extent Europeans learn their craft. When following after the British South Africa waggons in the Matabele war, I remember

cutting into their track in the night and not knowing which way they had gone, and lighting a match to find out in which direction the grass was crushed by the wheels, and so learning in which way they had travelled ; but Europeans never become the adepts at this kind of work that natives do.

But I have gone away from the native, and had better stop ; however, I will say one word about the Mashona language.

Father Hartman, a Roman Catholic priest, wrote the first grammar in the Mashona language ; but, admirable as the effort was, we did not consider it to be sufficiently correct to be entirely accepted ; so we made ourselves into a kind of committee, consisting of Mr. Walker, two native catechists, Bernard and Frank (the former of whom was, I believe, supposed to be the best Mashona scholar existing), Kapuiya, a most promising Mashona boy, and myself, who knew less of the language than any of them. We took Father Hartman's grammar as our basis, and revised it right through.

A bit of a letter of mine to our Mashonaland associates in England shows as well as anything else how elementary were our beginnings :

‘ We are all living in the mission-house, and

sit at our work for about five hours a day. We believe Kapuiya speaks the purest Seshona. Every word in the grammar and its pronunciation has to be passed by him before it is allowed to exist. The peculiarities of grammar are extraordinary. The Mashona, *e.g.*, have a different tense to express an act which happened to-day to one expressing an act which happened yesterday or earlier; another tense implies, in one word, reverse action, so that there is a certain tense of "to die," which if it were used would mean, "he died and came to life again."

Then we began some small translations, our first methodical ones, into Seshona. The following may be interesting as our very first translation :

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER IN SESHONA.

Baba wedu uri kudenga, Zita rako 'ngarieris<sub>g</sub>we.

Ushe wako uswike.

Madanhako gaitwe pasi, sokudenga.

Uti pe nasi sadza redu remisiyesi.

Uti sununguri mukutadza kwedu, seisu wo tinosunungura awo wanotitad zira.

Unsatiyise mukurunzir<sub>g</sub>wa, asi utiponesi mukuipa.

Zwo ushe uriwako, namasimba, nokuinzwidz<sub>g</sub>wa zwigari zwakadaru. Amen.

The insertion of the small 'g' subscript was the only way that suggested itself to us of

---

giving the touch of that letter that comes into some words.

But our language, like much else, was in the days of small things ; and we trust our beginnings will soon be a thing of the past. However, we spent a good many hours over them, and so we dedicated our mission-house at Umtali.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### KHAMA.

HAVING put, fairly as I consider, the case for missions, it may be well to give a living instance of what missions have effected. May I produce Khama ?\* He is the chief of the Bamangwato, the people to the south-west of Mashonaland. He lives in the diocese of Mashonaland, so I have some right to bring him forward. Not that the Mashonaland mission has had anything to do with making him into what he now is ; but when the boundaries of the diocese were fixed, his town, Palapye, was included in it.

Khama is, under God, a product of the Lutherans and the London Missionary Society. When I knew Khama, Mr. Hepbourn was their

\* I may say that it was only while these pages were going through the press that I first heard that he was coming to England.

resident minister at Shoshong ; and he eventually moved with Khama to Palapye. He has been called 'an unaccountable outcrop of mental power and integrity'; so it may be argued that he is not a fair instance to bring. The 'mental power' in itself we do not bring forward as being the result of his Christianity ; though it could be brought as evidence to show that the higher class of African mind is drawn towards Christianity. As to the 'integrity,' it would be impossible to prove that he would not have had the same integrity, and acted contrary to all precedent, had he remained a heathen ; but as an apparent cause for this integrity, so uncommon among African chiefs, exists, it is not unnatural that we should connect cause and effect.

We claim that, allowing for his natural abilities, Khama is what he is mainly because he is a Christian. Able though he may be, it is not his ability which is the most striking feature in his career. It is his uprightness, honour, kindness, godliness. There have been plenty of able African chiefs, as Chaka, the Zulu ; Umziligazi, the founder of the Matabele nation ; Moshesh, the Mosuto ; but there has never before been a Khama in Southern

Africa. They may have been his equals, possibly his superiors, in brain-power, energy, and ability—‘*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*’—but Khama is something more.

Nor can we see that he has lost any of those qualities that commend themselves to us in an untamed savage by becoming a Christian. I once asked him whether he thought that those of his soldiers who were Christians were the worse soldiers for it. He said that they would not be of the same value for raiding purposes; but to defend his country he considered that they were of just as much value. And so with him. He would no longer harry the nations around him as Umziligazi did, because he would not think it right; but that he was able to hold his own even against the Matabele is sufficient evidence that there has been no degeneration.

But, after all, the best argument is evidence; and as this has been collected from Blue-Books and other sources in ‘*Khama: An African Chief*,’\* I shall do best by quoting this book, and using its evidence. These notes on Khama are practically all taken from it. Anyone who

\* By Mrs. Wyndham Knight-Bruce. Published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.

wishes to know more about Khama I refer to the book itself.

We begin with the prosaic Parliamentary Blue-Book. Lieutenant Haynes, R.E., reported :

‘Khama’s authority is well established, and he rules the tribe more by kindness than by severity. He is probably the best example of what a black man can become by means of a good disposition and of Christianity.’

Further on Lieutenant Maund wrote :

‘He rules by generosity instead of by fear. Cool in danger, and thoroughly self-possessed at all times, his very taking manners would win golden opinions in any society.’\*

Another wrote :

‘Of Khama’s splendid character I cannot speak too highly.’

It may be interesting to see what led up to these results. I will quote from the book that I first referred to :

‘Khama was probably born soon after 1830. He was one of the many sons of the many wives of Sekhome, chief of the Bamangwato, and his heir. As a boy, he twice touched the

\* ‘Further Correspondence respecting the Transvaal and Adjacent Territories.’ 1886.

wider world: he went for a hunting season with Gordon Cumming, of whose courage he still speaks with admiration; and he heard from a wandering Bechuana that strange new customs were being taught in the south by Dr. Moffat. Then a Lutheran missionary reached Shoshong, which was part of the unknown interior in those days; he pleased Sekhome, and was allowed to teach the chief's sons. Khama readily accepted Christianity, and was baptized while still a boy in his teens. The quiet life, during which Khama remained a pupil of the missionaries, must have lasted for some time. He married, and his wife Mabisa was also a Christian.

‘But in 1862 a native runner brought in the news that Matabele impis were out on the foray, and that they were coming to raid Shoshong. Like the descents of Danes on East Anglian farms, these attacks of the Matabele were the terror of the poor Bamangwato. And no wonder, for the Matabele are the great fighting race of those parts, brought up to slaughter and rejoicing in blood. Neither men, women, nor babies were spared by their assegais. . . : So the poor Bechuana hurried their wives and children into caves among

the hills, drove their herds into the best concealment they could, and then with little hope brought out their small supply of cheap guns.

‘Sekhome turned to the supernatural, as we most of us do in trouble, and plunged into incantations with the witch-doctors.

‘It was certainly a trial between the old and the new faith, but Khama did not hesitate. He knelt in prayer with his fellow-Christians under the bright African moon, urged Sekhome to stop the witchcraft, and asked for leave to start at once to meet the Matabele. Obtaining it, he chose two hundred men from his own regiment, and after a long day’s march came upon the Matabele at sunset. His vigorous charge broke two of their companies, but the third stole past in the high grass and attacked him in the rear. Beaten though he was then, the fight had been severe enough to make the Matabele retreat, to prevent the threatened raid, and to win from their brave old warrior-chief Moselikatse (Umziligazi) the verdict :

“‘Khama is a man. There is no other man among the Bāmangwato.”

“‘To-day, those who pray to God are our

leaders!" shouted the people, as they welcomed Khama back to Shoshong. . . .

'After the Matabele affair was over the celebration of certain heathen rites began, to which every Bechuana father takes his sons. Khama knew that as a Christian he could not go. Sekhome ordered, begged, got angry, and at last said that no son should be his heir who would not attend the "Bogura." When this threat did not move Khama, Sekhome understood that this new religion was not a mere matter of reading and singing, but of practical life.\*

Then came the inevitable struggle on the question of Khama taking another wife, according to the custom of the Bechuana. Sekhome ordered it; Khama refused. Sekhome tried plots and treachery; Khama met them with patience, never once blaming his father. 'A traveller who was at Shoshong at the time writes about him :

'I am glad, by my acquaintance with Khama, to have the opportunity of mentioning a black man whom I would under no circumstances be ashamed to call my friend. The simple, modest, and at the same time noble deport-

\* 'Khama : An African Chief,' p. 10.

ment of this chief's son awoke a delightful feeling.\*

Then followed a struggle between brute force and superstition on the one side, and patient endurance and Christianity on the other. Sekhome ordered his men to kill Khama, but they refused. The people rose in favour of Khama, and Sekhome fled in terror. Khama sent messengers after him to ask him to come back again as chief. When he did come back Khama received him with every mark of respect, and replaced him in power.

Then Sekhome tried to bring supernatural powers to bear on Khama. This did not affect the loyalty of the people to Khama, but his not using counteracting witchcraft did shake it. He said that the Word of God forbade him to curse anyone, least of all his own father, and that he would not use witchcraft. So the people deserted him, and he had to take refuge in the mountains, and live as best he could.

Then Sekhome tried sending for a rival claimant to the chieftainship, and offering to resign in his favour if he would kill Khama. This the man was quite ready to do till he

\* 'Drei Jahre' in Süd Afrika.' Von Gustav Fritsch Breslau, 1868.

had heard the other side of the question in Shoshong, after which he is reported to have said: 'The people of the Word of God alone speak the truth. If you want your son killed, kill him yourself.' Then he headed a revolt against Sekhome, and drove him out of Shoshong.

Sekhome, knowing he had no soldier equal to Khama, sent for him. Khama won back Shoshong for his father, and reinstated him; but, seeing no lasting peace could exist, he took his own followers away to the north, and lived there till his father died.

.Then Khama's younger brother, Khamanie, tried to hold Shoshong against him, but failed. The following extracts from the Blue-Book may throw some light on this, his last struggle among his own people:

'Khamanie has been for many years engaged in plots having for their object the death of Khama, and the establishment of himself as chief. On one occasion Khama spared his brother's life without apparently securing exemption from further treasonable attempts by him.'\*

Lieutenant Haynes, R.E., reports: 'Khama's

\* 'Bechuanaland.' Blue-Book, 1888.

treatment of his rebellious brother has been chivalric in the extreme.'

So he ruled in his own country, and he ruled in the fear of the Lord. I quote again :

'“What the chiefs do, the people will do,” he said to Bishop Knight-Bruce, and on this belief he acts, with the decision taught by his own hard training.’ He began his reign by unpopular measures. He forbade witchcraft, and banished the witch-doctors. The witch-doctors had charms against evil, and were supposed to detect or ‘smell out’ the person who had caused trouble by bewitching; and this unhappy person was often treated with horrible cruelty or even killed. This ‘smelling out’ system got rid of any rich or troublesome offenders to the benefit of both the chief and the witch-doctor.

Then Khama stopped judicial cruelty and murders. It was common among the Bechuana to kill children that were born weakly or deformed, to bury a living baby with a dead mother, to kill one of twin children, to mutilate, or burn out the eyes as a punishment. These customs he stopped. Death he allowed to be inflicted for murder only, and he brought in a system of trial by jury.

A third reform was the prevention of cruelty to the slave races, the Bushmen. They could be kept in abject poverty, as they had no right to keep herds ; or they could be killed by their masters. This Khama changed. A man who knew the country well writes :

‘Khama is quick to punish any of their masters—his own people—whom he finds guilty of cruelty towards them.’\*

A fourth reform in the light of modern African history is a most important one. The first part of it is open to criticism. He forbade the making of the native beer from fermented corn, and all ‘beer-drinkings.’ The people hated the measure. ‘I withstood my people at the risk of my life,’ he said. Mr. Bent, in ‘The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland,’ writes :

‘Any who knows the love of a Kaffir for his porridge-like beer, and his occasional orgies, will understand what a power one man must have to stop this in a whole tribe. But Khama replies : “ Beer is the sower of all quarrels and disputes. I will stop it.” ’†

\* F. Johnson, *Cape Argus*, August 24, 1888.

† ‘The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland,’ by Theodore Bent, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

It took years to make the law effective. I quote again from 'Khama : An African Chief':

'When we were at Shoshong the perfect order and quietness of the crowded town, with its twenty thousand natives, were a striking contrast to scenes one remembered in other places, where either the canteen vote was valuable, or the chiefs were heathen. "It would require no police," says our Blue-Book, "to manage the native part of the town. By his determination and courage Khama has put down strong drink, and prevented traders bringing it into his country."'

The last words touched the second part of his reform. It was to prevent traders bringing drink into his country. So he summoned a meeting of all the white men in the place, and of representatives of his own people. This is the evidence of a trader who was present :

'Khama informed us that he would not permit us to continue introducing liquor into the town, and selling it to his people. Seeing we had been accustomed to the use of it ourselves, he would permit it to us. Any breach of this law he would visit by banishment from his town. He then turned to his tribe, and warned them that this law was not only for the

whites, but for them, and if they were detected buying liquor from the traders he should deprive them of their cattle, and banish them also from the town. The meeting then broke up. The following year, I think, another meeting was called by the chief. He informed us that he found we were bringing in liquor in as large quantities as ever. He regretted having to speak a second time, and having granted us permission to bring in liquor for our own consumption, he must now prohibit it.\*

But before he could gain his point he had to turn two traders out of his country. One whose opinion would hardly be disputed wrote :

‘ Khama gave the men very lenient and considerate treatment, including an extension of eighteen months in which to wind up their affairs. He even went so far as to pay out of his own pocket many outstanding debts due to the firm from some of his poorer subjects.’†

Khama gave as his reason for this action that his people would be destroyed if they were allowed to buy brandy. And again I must

\* Blue-Book : ‘ Affairs of Bechuanaland.’ 1890. Evidence of W. A. Musson.

† Blue-Book : Report by Sir Sydney Shippard, K.C.M.G., Administrator of Bechuanaland.

remind people that it is not on total abstinence lines that this question is to be fought out. Those who oppose the drink traffic of Africa can do it on the ground that the quantity or quality of the drink is such that a chief can speak about his people being destroyed by it; and one tribe can say that they hear the young chiefs of another tribe are being killed by it.

Then, after some complications had arisen in connection with this, Khama himself wrote to the Administrator :

‘ Your Honour will permit me to point out that it is not the same thing to offer my country to Her Majesty to be occupied by English settlers—Her Majesty’s subjects governed by Her Majesty’s ministers—and to allow men so worthless and unscrupulous as . . . to come outside of all governments, and flood my country with their drink, after all the long struggle I have made against it, withstanding my people at the risk of my life, and just when they have themselves come to see how great a salvation my drink laws have proved to be. It were better for me that I should lose my country than that it should be flooded with drink. . . . I fear Lobengula (the Matabele chief) less than I fear brandy. I fought

Lobengula and drove him back, and he never came again, and God who helped me then would help me again. Lobengula never gives me a sleepless night. But to fight against drink is to fight against demons, and not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than the assegais of the Matabele, which kill men's bodies, and is quickly over; but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both their souls and their bodies for ever. *Its* wounds never heal. I pray your Honour never to ask me to open even a little door to the drink; and . . . desires that, and has always desired it. That has been my constant battle with his firm.'

Eventually Khama wrote a letter in drawing up a treaty at the end of the negotiations, of which this is a part :

'I give thanks for the words of the Queen, and I give to the Queen to make laws and to change them in the country of the Bamangwato. Nevertheless, I am not baffled in the government of my own town, or in deciding cases among my own people according to custom. There are certain laws of my country which the Queen of England finds in operation which are advantageous to my people, and I

wish that these laws should not be taken away. I refer to our law concerning intoxicating drinks, that they should not enter the country of the Bamangwato whether among black people or white people. I refer, further, to our law which declares that the lands of the Bamangwato are not saleable. I say, let this law be upheld among black people and white people.'

Further on, after saying he is willing that the English people should come and live in his country, and should turn it into their cultivated fields and cattle stations, so long as his people are not prevented from hunting, except where the English live, he continues :

' But I feel that I am speaking to gentlemen of the Government of England. Shall I be afraid that they will requite me with witchcraft? (*i.e.*, deception). . . . Further, I shall be ready, along with my people, to go out all of us to fight for the country alongside the English ; to stop them who attack, or to go after them on the spoor. . . . Having done this, without doubt if there came a great difficulty, we would appeal for the help of our Queen in England. The right kind of English settler will be seen by his doings on his place.'

It will not be a pleasing sequel to this if we

ever see his country divided into holdings for Europeans and the place flooded with drink.

A little incident to show the gentleness of the man is told us :

‘ At one time a small refugee people in his country, the Saleika, became troublesome, and Khama received responsible advice to suppress the discontent at once, as the Saleika were trying to get help from the Transvaal. He reluctantly agreed, and marched against them with a large force, accompanied by a few men of the Border Police, one of whom gave me the account. The Saleika stronghold was on a high rock standing alone in the centre of a circle of hills. The Bamangwato attacked with a rush, but the moment they had taken the place, Khama stopped the fighting, and allowed the Saleika to escape unpursued. Messengers were sent after them with promises of safety, and with an offer of waggons for their women and children to take them over the border to the Transvaal, where they had intended to settle if defeated.’\*

Khama is doing his best, as every good missionary does, to make the lazy men of a tribe work. It is hard to break through the

\* ‘ Khama : An African Chief.’

traditions that women are made to work, and men are made to fight and talk. By great tact in dealing with the question he is establishing a right principle, largely, as it seems, by the introduction of the plough drawn by oxen, which takes the place of the hoe wielded by a woman. He insists on his people being honest.

‘Not only,’ says Mr. Bent, ‘has Khama established his own reputation for honesty—he is supposed to have inoculated all his people with the same virtue. But, on the other hand, he does all he can to prevent his people being cheated by unscrupulous traders; so he has fixed the price for some of the very ordinary articles of commerce. And again, those in need he helps himself; as Lieutenant Haynes reported, ‘Khama spends a great part of his revenue in acts of kindness to his people.’\*

When the water-supply ran short at Shoshong, he moved the whole population north to Palapye; so that now, as I have said, he lives in the Mashonaland diocese, though not within the territory under the control of the British South Africa Company. However, in the Matabele war, Khama joined the Bechuana-land Border Police, with 130 mounted men,

\* Blue Book: Bechuanaland, 1888.

and between 1,700 and 1,800 dismounted men, who were to receive a shilling a day and rations. He was with the Bechuanaland Border Police during their only engagement on this march, and then, hearing that small-pox had broken out among his own people, he left them and went home. I dare say his action could be criticised; but he carried out his unchanging policy of thinking of his own people first. It was an English officer who once called him 'a Christian and a hero;' and I do not think we shall get truer names for him.

Now, as Khama has done what he has for his people, it is not too much for him to expect that he shall be allowed to go on doing it in his own way. It is impossible to imagine any change in the government of his country at all likely to take place which would not be for the worse. It is quite true that it may be better for wild, heathen natives, under a heathen chief, to come under European control, but I think everyone who knows anything of the conditions in Bechuanaland, and wishes well to Khama and his people, would very much prefer that these people should remain under their own laws.

When looking at these notes (pn Khama's

life, it would be well if it were constantly borne in mind that this man is one of the natives whom some would wish us to believe are injured by being made into Christians. From such an assertion it is encouraging to turn to the words of Edna Lyall :

‘The full significance of such a life as that of Khama, lived in the midst of temptations and troubles, can hardly fail to impress all who carefully study the details of his career. He seems to us a most convincing argument that Christianity meets the needs of all ages and of all conditions, and his story will wonderfully cheer those who work on but see little result from their labour—those who sow that others may reap.’\*

\* Preface to ‘Khama : An African Chief.’

## CHAPTER IX.

### EUROPEAN WORK.

THE Mashonaland mission was originally intended for natives only ; but on the Europeans coming into the country our work for them took the larger proportions. Directly Englishmen arrive in a new colony it is naturally expected that our Church should have work in hand at every camp of any importance. We did our best ; but in a country without endowments the difficulties are not small. Perhaps they are best measured by the fact that no other Christian denominations seem even to have attempted to have their churches in every camp. It was satisfactory to hear an Australian gold-digger say that one of the things that most struck him in coming to Mashonaland ,was the amount of Church work

that was going on. I thought our work rather scanty myself.

Canon Balfour, who was the father of European work in Mashonaland, came up with the British South Africa Company, and built the first church in Mashonaland at Fort Salisbury. It was made of poles and mud, but did very admirable service. Canon Balfour himself lived at first in a mud-hut near, and afterwards built another mud-hut as a study. It was just like him to take up a work when it most wanted help, and tide over difficulties to which he was well accustomed. Archdeacon Upcher followed him with splendid result, building a large brick church and carrying the people with him in a very remarkable way. The day on which he joined us was certainly a bright one for the mission. Perhaps it is hard to realize what building a church under the conditions of a Mashonaland camp in those days meant. He was helped by friends in England, but it cost the mission nothing. He collected the money and superintended the work. Mashonaland and the Mashonaland mission will ever owe him a deep debt of gratitude. His value has been incalculable. He

has suffered considerably from fever, but has held on through all difficulties.

At Fort Salisbury, too, an English Church school, under an efficient schoolmaster, was founded for the few children from the south ; but it was too much in the day of small things when I left to give any opinion as to its probable future.

I do not think Archdeacon Upcher would object to the following extract of a letter of his, which has been already published, appearing again :

‘Mr. Rhodes, with his Administrator, on passing my stand to-day, stopped to speak, and asked me to let him build me a house. . . . So he builds a parsonage, the foundation to be in before he leaves, which is shortly. The Administrator told me a good stand had been selected for the church at Buluwayo. I am glad to say Mr. Rhodes has helped us well with our school.’

The church at Fort Salisbury was the most northern church for Europeans (not for natives) in Mashonaland. To the south of it by some one hundred and fifty miles came Fort Victoria, with its beautiful little brick church (which, I believe, for some reason has since suffered a

good deal), and a two-roomed parsonage. After everything was finished, even to the setting up of an American organ in the church, the work of the mission failed here for a time very badly ; but it was taken up again, and by our last reports one of the best of lay-readers, who combines native with European work, is living there. The success in originally starting this work was chiefly owing to a committee of laymen, of whom Major Allan Wilson, who was afterwards killed in the Matabele war, was one, and Captain Lendy was another. Indeed, it was somewhat remarkable that the officers who commanded both the columns from Mashonaland, the artillery from Mashonaland, and the Bechuanaland Border Police should all four have been members of their Church committees in their respective camps.

Some two hundred miles away to the southwest, again, is the camp of the Bechuanaland Police, Macloutsie Camp. Here one good clergyman died, and the next, Frederick Lawrence, only came home to die ; but their work remains. Our meeting in the camp to organize a committee to build a church here was typical of a body of men under the command of Sir Frederick Carrington. First, I

had to get there from Tuli; that was some distance; and though I started early in the day to ride, the horse of the 'orderly' who was with me was knocked up, and he had to change horses at the police tents on the road; so we were still some miles from Macloutsie when it became dark. Presently we saw a fire, then a figure, then we heard a voice. Even if I had not known the voice, I might have known that there were not many men who would have driven out several miles to meet a wandering bishop; but Sir Frederick Carrington was just such a man, and there he was to drive me into Macloutsie. I don't wonder that the Bechuanaland Border Police were devoted to him.

So then we had a meeting of all the officers and men of the Border Police then in Macloutsie; and the result was a committee among themselves to build a church. The Matabele war coming soon afterwards hindered this, the youngest of all the European churches in Mashonaland; but the last direction that I gave in the country was to have the church finished, as the mission had just then paid for the material of the roof. Before this a Church service had been held in the reading-room of the camp; and here one of our clergy had

been ordained in the presence of a congregation composed, as far as I can remember, entirely of officers, non-commissioned officers, and troopers. I remember the evening service on that Sunday especially, as the time of the officers' mess was changed, so as not to interfere with it. But the Matabele war interfered badly with the work at Macloutsie; and when I last held service at the church-parade there were scarcely twenty men present.

To the east of Fort Salisbury, at Umtali—some one hundred and fifty miles away—we had a church built in the native fashion, by Mr. Pelly, which did admirable service for some time. When I left it was becoming past its work, and soon afterwards a fund was started for a new church, and under the clergyman there, Mr. Walker, I should say it would not be long in being finished. Everything he has undertaken as yet has been well done.

It is interesting to read in the *Review of Reviews* for May, 1895, that their 'circulating library will be established . . . at Buluwayo, while the three other branches will be formed at Fort Salisbury, Umtali, and Fort Victoria.' It will help to swell the list of books that were ordered by a committee at Umtali nearly two

years ago ; and we hear that some time since the books that Lord Grey gave to Umtali, as he did to the other three camps in Mashonaland through our mission, have arrived also.

I find an extract from an old letter of mine sent home which gives the position in this camp at Christmas, 1893 :

‘ Here at Umtali we have had a very peaceful Christmas ; the place is quieter than it was, and our Christmas Day was a really happy one. The church had been flooded shortly before, but looked very beautiful at our service. It was quite full, and there were more communicants than I had ever expected. I am personally interested in this camp, as I take charge of it. One of our rooms we have lent as a reading-room, and books and papers have been ordered from civilized parts. In a place where nearly everyone lives in a mud hut, and damp evenings without much light are apt to lead to drinking, a reading-room is most valuable.’ However, this room was not used. We had very little to read. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge sent out most valuable grants of their books, which with much difficulty were carried to Umtali, though some were injured in the carrying. We had had

our library committee for some time in the camp, and men were ready to subscribe ; but we could not get the books brought up from the coast. But now the library is an accomplished fact.

It was here Mr. Pelly worked so very well, and from here he did his native mission work. There was no clergyman or teacher of any description other than those of the Church of England for about a hundred miles in every direction from Umtali, except to the south, where the American missionaries were.

Then, when I left Umtali, Mr. Burgin writes from the Parsonage, Victoria :

‘ I have been here five weeks. The Arch-deacon thought there ought to be a clergyman at Umtali ; so Walker and I have changed places. I was very sorry to leave Umtali ; we had got the new American organ up, and had a full church every Sunday.’

The most picturesque part of Umtali was, I think, some half a mile from the town, where the police camp, the hospital, and our mission-house were all in a line. The work of the first nurses in this hospital has been written about at length by themselves. They showed a great deal of courage and determination in

coming up, and were sent back under the care of Dr. Rundle, who wrote as follows about them : ' The Bishop and all the other members of the mission were untiring in their efforts that the nurses leaving here and going to the coast at Beira should have every comfort, and be saved from every inconvenience and unpleasantness.' But it was Dr. Rundle himself who did the work. Again, he wrote about the next relay of Church of England hospital nurses :

' The Bishop and myself accompanied one relay of nurses on the journey ; and I can honestly say that there was no inconvenience to which we did not subject ourselves in taking care of them, and seeing that they came up in the greatest possible comfort. We also did the journey of about eight hundred miles with extraordinary rapidity, the nurses having practically no exertion of any kind.' But again nearly the whole credit of the journey is due to him ; my only real contribution being my waggon, which, under the altered condition of the country, I scarcely ever used, except in the Matabele war, as the travelling in it was much too slow ; and besides, in the journey Dr. Rundle alludes to, I had to go on to other

work, and he did the important part of the journey without me.

The second detachment of nurses nursed me through my worst illness in the country, so I can speak from experience of the value of their work. It cannot be over-estimated. Many a man owes his life to them. The ordinary attacks of fever caught on the high ground of Mashonaland we did not think very much of; but the coast fever was always more serious; and this was usually brought up by the men from Beira and the coast, or from the low country in any direction; and Umtali was the first resting-place that they came to on high ground from the east. There many of those that had caught the fever were brought to the hospital.

The hospital was a building chiefly of poles and mud and thatch, and served for excellent work: but a new one was before long required, and for some time a fund was being collected by the nurses to build it. The British South Africa Company paid all expenses of the hospital, and took all responsibility of boarding and lodging our nurses off our hands; so the building of a new hospital was rather too much to expect the company to undertake without some long con-

sideration. In the meantime the old building became past use, and the hospital was transferred to our mission-house ; which, after I left, had been occupied by one of our European missionaries and his natives only.

We were very proud of that mission-house. One of our missionaries, who only looked at it in its relation to native work, though it is almost in the European town, writes about it : ' The church mission-house is finished. For the native work and headquarters it is simply perfect. Umtasa and his people are twelve miles to the north ; Maconi and his people, where Frank and Bernard are living, thirty miles north-west ; while to the south and east village after village stretches away. At the same time, if the Beira railway is finished, it is the easiest spot in the country for getting in both new workers and provisions.'

It must be useful ; for the Bishop of Zululand wrote that it is ' now used for the hospital, and a capital place it seemed to be, and everything in excellent order.' Someone estimated the cost at about £1,500 ; so it had evidently great pretensions. As a matter of fact, it cost a little over £500 ; but then we did a good deal of the superintending of the work,

and a little of the work ourselves. The great expense was incurred in its being a brick, and therefore a permanent, building. A competent bricklayer was then earning about a sovereign a day or more. Bricks were naturally expensive. The mission made the first burnt bricks in this part of the country some two years before on one of our mission farms ; but owing to the European town being moved, their centre of work in this district had to be moved also.

As to this question of high wages being asked, and high prices for goods that are brought into the country, I could never see the justice of condemning the demands. Not lately, but in the earlier days of European occupation, it is true that extraordinary prices were asked. I have offered five shillings in vain for a bar of common soap ; and have heard of sugar at four-and-sixpence a pound. I have been told that two shillings and more was asked at times for a yard of calico (the money of the country) which would sell for threepence at Cape Town. The prices were high : but no one was compelled to buy the things. If any one could have got them cheaper he would not have given the high prices. If men chose

to risk health and money in dragging goods into a country, which were, as a rule, eagerly bought up as soon as they arrived, it was only fair they should be very highly paid. There was plenty of wrong-doing in Africa without looking for it where, I think, none existed; and personally I had a great respect for some of the traders and artizans who would risk what they did to make their way in the world. The bricklayer who built our house was drowned soon after he had finished it.

While I was at the Matabele war, Dr. Rundle was working hard at the mission-house, and in this, as in everything else, was of the greatest value to the mission. He saw to everything, from doctoring the sick to superintending the cleaning of the bundles of straw for the roof of the mission-house; and his loyalty to his work and to everyone who had to work with him made him well appreciated by those interested in the mission. He had one quality most valuable in a missionary. He never seemed depressed. And he had an endless fund of humour, that kept everything bright round him. I should like to insert a little notice of his death, written by a mine-manager at Umtali:

**In Memoriam.****EDWARD RUNDLE, L.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.**

WRITTEN BY 'H. W. S.,' UMTALI, MASHONALAND.

'In the death of Dr. Edmund Rundle, the inhabitants of Umtali have lost a valued and trusted friend, and the Mashonaland mission one of its most loyal and energetic workers.

'Dr. Rundle had become very well known in Umtali and Massi-Kessi. He left England with the Bishop and two hospital nurses early in 1893, arriving at Umtali after an arduous journey up country about June. Immediately afterwards he went to Fontesvilla in charge of the two nurses, whose time had expired, and who were returning home. On again reaching Umtali he took part in the work of building mission-huts at the surrounding kraals of Umtasa and Ischitaka, and others.

'During the Bishop's absence in the Matabele war he had charge of the mission affairs in Umtali, and many will long remember the bright little services he used to hold on Sunday evenings.

'The "little doctor," as he was often called, was loved by many here. His exceeding good nature, his cheerfulness in the presence of

difficulties and hardships, and his great loyalty to his work, and to those in authority, endeared him to the hearts of us all.'

When he died the camp felt his loss deeply. He had done admirable work, too, in helping among the natives around. Besides, together with Mr. Pelly, building the mission-huts at Umtasa's, he went on expeditions alone and laid the first material foundations of more than one mission outpost.

He used to tell a story to show the helplessness of the natives. When he was building a mission-hut some way from Umtali, the chief and his wife brought him their baby to doctor in the middle of the night. It had congestion of the lungs; the nights were cold; but they had brought it quite naked. However, it recovered, and some time afterwards Dr. Rundle met the chief, who thanked him for what he had done.

Before ending these rather disconnected notes on hospital and medical work, I should like to add my tribute of praise to the work of the Roman Catholic hospital nurses, who were working where ours were not—in other parts of Mashonaland. Their devotion to their duties seemed faultless.

Umtali is always for me associated with a man named Wilkins, whom I met at Bloemfontein when I used to hold services on Sunday afternoons for the men on the railway. He was a carpenter ; he had been a sailor, and had gone up the Zambesi with Dr. Livingstone. Then he volunteered to come to Mashonaland, and when our first company of hospital nurses came on from Beira to the English camp on the Pungwe River, he received them there. Someone wrote about him : 'He nurses the sick, builds huts for people—everyone goes to him about everything—he is the most splendid fellow.' He did not come with the hospital nurses, but brought a relay of carriers later on. Dr. Glanville and Mr. Sutton brought the nurses up. The former died soon after he left our mission, and the latter was lost in the 'bush,' and never heard of again. Poor Wilkins died too ; but he nursed me first through one illness in my tent, and a gentler, more considerate nurse could not have been found. He is buried close to my old hut.

At Beira, on the east coast, the mission which was founded in '93 was too young for me to form any correct opinion about it before I left the country ; but the people in the town

seemed willing to do their share of the work in building their own church, and they were asking for us to send a hospital nurse to the Portuguese hospital.

But when I speak of work among Europeans, it must be understood that nearly all the real effective work was done, not by me, but by the workers who were with me—such men as Canon Balfour, Archdeacon Upcher, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Burgin, Mr. Walker, and by our hospital nurses. These bore the burden and heat of the day, and to them in their respective centres the credit of work done is due. Since I have left I hear that a church has been built at Buluwayo mainly through the energy of Archdeacon Upcher. Almost my last act before my connection with the mission ceased was to send out Mr. Hammick to take charge of Buluwayo. He had been Archdeacon in Zululand, and had done good service in Australia.

To put the last act into the story, Archdeacon Gaul has now been appointed my successor, and, humanly speaking, I feel that the structure—though considering the size of the country it is only a framework—is safe. It has nearly always been my privilege to have been followed in my successive posts by better men than

myself, and this case is no exception to the rule. The new Bishop finds some ten mission workers waiting for him—as good a collection, if I am not mistaken, as a mission may well hope for. This is after those who were not so suitable have left.

It would be impossible to enumerate all who have helped in the work by gifts of money. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts of course comes first. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has been most generous. Mr. Rhodes and the British South Africa Company gave £500 at the very beginning, and now, under Bishop Gaul, another £500 has just come from them for the bishopric endowment, besides £100 from Dr. Jameson, and friends in Africa are giving to it in large sums; and so with all its failings—and they have been neither few nor small—the scheme, though no longer possible on the lines originally intended of a purely native mission, seems well on the road to success in every direction, and the old idea of the Mashonaland mission, that was suggested over nine years ago, was not so visionary after all.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MATABELE WAR.

THE Matabele war came as an episode in the life of our mission, and as such only could I say anything about it. Into the rights or the wrongs of the case I cannot enter. It is a very difficult question, and one that must come up constantly in the progress of the white man ; but as it has been virtually decided in this case by the responsible powers in England, this is hardly the place to discuss it. I notice, however, that in one book it is said that my "presence as one of the columns forms a very emphatic contradiction . . . to the ridiculous allegations that the war was one of conquest, and not of self-protection." My presence formed a contradiction to nothing, and proved nothing, that I am aware of. I am much obliged to the writer for the kind things he says, but this

does not alter the fact that, had he known more about the case, he could never have made it necessary for me to say that I went as the Bishop of the country in which the war took place, and not as chaplain to any force. Both the combatants, the Matabele and the British South Africa Company's troops, were my people, and the fighting was all in my diocese. Wherever a large mass of Europeans were collected, it was obviously the duty of our church to send a clergyman, more especially as some of the men would probably be killed, and it seems rather to be the duty of the Bishop than of anyone else to go first in such cases ; and so, though others would probably have done the work better, I went myself.

This seems to be sufficient answer also to those who take the opposite side to the writer whom I have just quoted, and say that I ought not to have been there at all. *Magnis componere parva*—no one would argue, I think, that because the first Bishop Selwyn was present at the engagements between the Colonists and the Maoris, he was siding with the one against the other.

Perhaps an extract from a letter written home by me from Fort Charter before the war will

explain the position as well as would anything else.

‘ Here there are already more than three hundred men—quite the largest congregation of white people in the diocese. The Administrator has come, and I have decided to remain with the men ; but it is a difficult position, as I must entirely dissociate my doing so from agreement with any action that may be taken in one direction or the other. I have explained to the officials that I am not going as chaplain to the force, but as Bishop of the country in which both the contending parties live, and I wish to do all I can for either of them—for the wounded (should there be any) or for peace.’

For some time I did not think there would be a war, but on hearing at Umtali that men were actually massing at Fort Charter, I put some things into my waggon and sent it off, riding to catch it a few days’ later, and then riding on to Fort Charter, leaving the waggon behind. Here my black men put up a grass shelter for me, and I had a small patrol tent, so I was quite happy and comfortable for about a fortnight, while everyone was waiting to know what would come next. I find an extract in one of my letters home about my first Sunday

among the men, which may interest someone :

‘ Last Sunday was a day to repay one for many journeys. There was church-parade in the morning, and a voluntary service in the evening, when every man in camp was said to be either inside or outside the temporary sail-cloth we had put up. This was not the case, as one mess were having their dinner, but they say they will change the hour next Sunday. The singing was really grand. I distributed a good many of the copies of the Gospels and Testaments given by the Bible Society ; but as I had gone there with three carriers and a pack pony, our arrangements for Sunday were very primitive. Next Sunday we intend to have the service for Holy Communion, church-parade in the morning, evening service, and, as there are a large number of half-castes here, a special service for them in the afternoon.’

When it was finally settled that the force was to march to Matabeleland, I rode back to Umtali to give some last directions about the mission, and then came on. Towards the end of this journey, as my horse could go no farther, I had to walk for two or three days much faster than I liked, and even then reached

Fort Charter to find the camp deserted; and I had to follow after my waggon, which had gone on in the track of the troops. Thanks to the great kindness of Mr. Maurice Gifford, I caught them without much trouble, not far from Iron Mine Hill. The columns were to march westward on nearly the same track that I took some years before.

Almost my first duty on joining them was to bury Captain Campbell. He had been wounded in a small skirmish among the rocks, and an amputation of his whole leg was necessary. From this he never recovered. An entry in my journal alludes to it:

‘The Victoria men had a small engagement yesterday, when about twenty Matabele were killed. This afternoon Captain Campbell died. Humanly speaking, his reckless courage cost him his life, and he rode nearly two miles with his hip-bone badly broken. I was thankful to have got here, and to be with him, though I had no idea the end was so near. About five hundred men attended the funeral; three volleys were fired, and I said a few words. . . . The next night another man died in the Victoria Camp, and we laid him quietly in his grave by lantern-light. After I got past the

sentries on my way back, even by moonlight it was hard to find anything among the sleeping masses of humanity and horses.'

On Sunday, October 22, about five days after Captain Campbell died, Edward Burnett, one of the scouts, was killed. There was a curious incident in connection with this. Just before I had joined the columns, as we were walking along the road, we saw vultures settling round some dead body. One of our party at once suggested it might be Edward Burnett, who had ridden on ahead with another man. It was not he; but his time was not very far off, and on this Sunday the scouts came into camp saying he was wounded. I got the bed in my waggon ready for him and waited. Presently he was brought in strapped on to his horse, quite dead, and we buried him by moonlight. I had been talking to him quite a short time before, and I remember saying to him, 'If God wills that we come out of this, what do you intend doing next?' and he told me his plans, into which the idea of his being killed never entered. He was one of the best of the scouts.

It never seemed to me that the danger of the scout's work was sufficiently understood.

I considered it required more courage than any other department of the expedition ; though probably nearly every man would have been quite ready to have acted as scout had he been sent. The wonder was not that any were killed, but that any escaped. To go ahead into an unknown and often broken, roadless bush country, sometimes to sleep out for a night, and then again to find the column coming on in a rather uncertain direction behind, seemed difficult enough ; but when the country belonged to the enemy, who knew every gully and rock, and the scouts frequently knew none, the risk of the whole proceeding was greatly increased. When Captain Williams was killed soon afterwards, to judge from the description of the way in which the Matabele came down on the scouting party among the hills, and were able to fire at them at close quarters as they galloped past, the strange thing was that only Captain Williams's horse was hit ; and if that had not run away, humanly speaking, even he might have escaped. It always seemed to me a far more dangerous branch of the work than what the rest had to do ; but the scouts did not see it in that light.

\*Then there came the fight at the Shangani

river on October 24. It has all been described before, but one or two notes from my journal may give the view of a non-combatant :

' *October* 24. — About four o'clock I was woke by the first shots and shouts, " Here they come." I jumped . . . out of my waggon just as one of the first bullets whistled past. Then I was met by a wounded man, who had been surprised by the Matabele while cattle-guarding with some natives a quarter of a mile from camp. How he got in with the Matabele behind him and the machine-guns in front is a mystery. The friendly Mashona had fought well and retired with him. When the Matabele were first seen, some were only about sixty yards from the waggons, and their fire seemed to come from all directions.

'The doctors throughout were splendid. Happily the moon gave some light, but there was bush within a hundred yards and hills beyond that shadowed the ground. I was getting water and helping the doctors at first, which was much less unpleasant than walking up and down.

'The fighting went on with frequent intermission for about four hours. The casualties of the Matabele it is impossible to guess at ;

they are supposed to carry away their dead and wounded. The loss of Europeans was strangely small, and most of the wounds were comparatively slight. The great loss in killed and wounded was among the Mashona allies.

‘ Just as the Matabele began to fire from the bush near the east side of the laager, we saw a wounded native trying to reach it; the poor fellow had to sit down every few yards, and at last seemed unable to move. . . . As soon as possible I went down to the kraal, where the Matabele had first surprised the Mashona “cattle-guard.” Here among the dead I found three wounded women, terribly gashed with assegais, one with a cut through her lungs, and at first I thought she could not be moved. Not far away was one little boy assegaiied. The troopers were very good in helping them and getting water for them; indeed, it was one of these men who came for me. We got stretchers for two of the women, and one I carried in with blankets, and three Mashona to help. The doctors were most kind to the natives—men and women—and worked for more than ten hours. One little baby was found, and the Fort Victoria column doctors tell me of a little girl of six with her jaw broken

in two places by the Matabele, who, however, seems to take things cheerfully.'

When the last of the wounded women were being brought to the waggons I was thinking how they would be carried, when I found the doctors had packed all that there were on to a waggon, and so they were carried to the end. I find in my journal this note :

'I did not see a single wounded native left behind, and I went carefully over the ground near the two laagers after all the waggons had gone on.

'The brutality of the Mashona to their wounded is very great ; they would not bring one along with them if they were not made to do it, and when they have to lift them off the waggons they ask, "Why should we carry these things?" One Mashona, wounded, prefers being bumped along on the waggons to being carried, as he is afraid of his friends leaving him behind. Though there are hundreds of refugee Mashona with the camp, the wounded ones would have no food except for the hospital ; and one night when they had to be carried from the waggons to their own quarter, which was between the two columns, and it was supposed that the carriers could be

trusted, the poor things were only carried about a third of the way, and then put down about thirty-five yards from the Nordenfeldt gun, where they would have been in the line of fire if the camp had been attacked. About sunset I found them, and with trouble kept four Mashona carriers going until the wounded were all in a safe place.

‘Moving the wounded natives here on and off the waggon twice a day for laagering is very painful, but the troopers are very kind. “Aren’t you about tired of your job?” one said to me as I was trying to pack them up on skins and blankets. But they would do anything they were asked, and helped the doctors in every way.’

I find some more notes on wounded natives :

‘*October 27.*—‘I am writing with one eye on the sky-line of the rise in front (the Matabele were supposed to be on the other side). An abandoned baby has just been brought in. It is about eight months old, and its mother has been killed ; it was then abandoned with a wound in its leg. There is a wounded Mashona woman in camp who has apparently lost her own baby, so she is to take charge of this one.’

On November 1 came the fight at the Imbembezi river. So unexpected was the Matabele attack, that one man of a mounted picket was killed about five hundred yards from the waggons ; the other escaped on foot, covered as he ran by the fire of the Gardner gun, and fell exhausted close to me. However, he was none the worse.

The fire of the Matabele seemed to a great extent directed at one spot. Out of a single waggon, I think, three men, Cary, Siebert, and Barnard, were taken during a very short time ; the two former died soon afterwards and were buried together.

I have a note about the machine-guns at this battle :

‘It was a nasty ten minutes, especially as the Matabele shooting with the rifles was much better than it had been, and they came on with wonderful courage to within eighty yards of the waggons. Then they wavered and went back to the bush, but from that they were not dislodged all day. When I went down to see if there were any wounded, I found none (at this especial place there were only dead) ; it all made one realize what those terrible machine-guns mean. It must have required extra-

ordinary courage to have come up the hill against the fire.'

The bush alluded to was some five hundred yards away, and men with glasses said they could see the whole face of it quivering as the rain of bullets struck it. The power of concentrating the fire from a fixed stand seems as great a factor in the deadliness of the machine-guns as their rapidity of fire. And another point does not seem to have been generally noticed. When the elevation is accurately obtained for a body of men, if they are at all in line, the gun has only to be passed along the whole line. I remember Captain Lendy telling me of one man he found who had evidently been retreating when the line of fire from the Maxim gun crossed his back, and I think he said there were seven bullet-holes from shoulder to shoulder in a row. I noticed, too, that some of the dead seemed to have been hit with two bullets. Again, there is less danger of continually firing high, which seems so common with rifles; and though it is theoretically quite possible to keep a rifle as steady as a machine-gun during action, it is not so in practice. Again, the best shot out of many men can be chosen for working

the machine-gun, and every shot is fired by this man.

I think the general impression left on one's mind by the actual working of a machine-gun is that if they can only be sufficiently improved, and all drawbacks to them removed, it will be practically impossible for any troops to face them, and it may be a factor in keeping off wars altogether. Without going into the question of how many Matabele were killed in the war, I think that many more might have been killed on both sides if machine-guns had not been used. In the two engagements the impossibility of facing these guns—at least, in the way in which the Matabele did it—was shown, and complete demoralization ensued.

A few days after the fight at the Imbembizi river the columns were close to Buluwayo.

My notes run :

‘ On November 3 we came to a place about eight miles east of Buluwayo. There we saw it burning, and heard that the king had blown up all his ammunition, had retreated northwards himself, and sent four thousand men against Major Gould Adams. He had left the two white traders in the town under a guard to protect them. This ought to be recognised.

‘*November 4.*—We reached Buluwayo. The king had burnt his own house, and as much of the town as possible ; but he has not touched any white traders’ houses, and we believe the mission stations are uninjured. Where he is gone no one knows.

‘I went up to the burning town soon after our arrival. It is all very sad. One’s pity for the people in trouble almost makes one forget the iniquity that had its origin here, though for the last twenty years there can scarcely have been a place on earth that has seen more murders. Even to the last the tradition has been kept up by a young woman being left hung in one of the huts. I believe she was a royal wife.

‘Before leaving, Lobengula seems to have destroyed nearly everything given him by white men. A silver elephant . . . was found in the ashes of his kraal, and the revolver given him by . . . he gave to a trader. The Queen’s picture had hung in his first room, and he had been especially annoyed when the glass was cracked ; but before he left the picture was shattered, and the crown on the top knocked off. . . . The king is somewhere in the north, but it appears that scarcely even his own people

can approach him with any message from the Company's officers. I have offered to go and see him, telling Dr. Jameson that I think he would trust me ; and also that he would understand, from my having been with Sir Sydney Shippard, when the first negotiations took place five years ago, that I should only suggest what English responsible authority would countenance. But Dr. Jameson will not agree to my going, thinking that though Lobengula would not hurt me, I should be killed before I got to him. I would do anything possible to see this business at an end, and have told Dr. Jameson so. Just before going from Buluwayo, the king asked where I was ; he calls me the "Induna of the Teachers." "Is he with the white fighting men?" They did not think I was ; and when they told him I was at Fort Salisbury (as they thought I was), he seems to have said something to the effect that he knew I was not with his enemies. Of course he could not understand my position of neutrality, but this is one reason why I wish to go to him.

'To-day I buried a man who had been shot in the last fight, and a quarter of an hour later his bed was occupied again by a man wounded through the accidental bursting of a rocket.

Near him lies the doctor's assistant, wounded by one of his own bottles ; it was hit by a bullet, and a piece driven right into him. There are only sixteen Europeans actually in hospital to-day ; others are "day-patients," and there are about twenty injured natives.

'The hospital alluded to is one of the traders' houses, which had been left standing by Lobengula.

'Brutal though Lobengula has been in his treatment of his own people, and of the Mashona, his treatment of white men and of white men's property has been most honourable. A trader tells me that he distinctly owes his life to Lobengula, and it shows his extraordinary control over his own people that . . . he was able to keep every trader's house and every missionary's house untouched. He said that he had given his word, and an old saying of theirs is that "a hedge is built round the word of a chief."'

'*November 9.*—I am trying to send word to Lobengula that I am here, and ready to go and see him, but the difficulty is to find a messenger.'

'*Sunday, November 12.*—We had full church parade in the morning, and I preached to the

men on the extraordinary mercies that had been given them. Their health and freedom from accidents and escapes have been most extraordinary. . . . There are very many high-minded men in the columns who are very fair to the Matabele, and would gladly see peace, and on very just terms. Immediately after the parade about eighteen of us met together in a room for Holy Communion. I think it was one of the most beautiful services I have ever known—the perfect peace after the life of fighting and noise, and dust and heat; the looking back into the plunge into the unknown, that had been made by the men; the strange end to the long series of unexpected acts that only culminated here—all affected us very strongly. I have never seen a more utterly-reverential body of men gathered before their God.'

In the evening again we had a large service in the open air. I had brought some hymn-books with me, and the first Sunday in Buluwayo was as happy as a Sunday under such circumstances could be. Happily I had brought, too, New Testaments given by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and some of these I gave for the use of the hospital. As the only

books were either brought by the men among their scanty supply of clothing, or had belonged to the traders, these Testaments were most useful, and some time afterwards one of the troopers, who had stayed at Buluwayo after I left, said to me : ' The books you left for the hospital were well used.' So someone profited by them.

There was one 'mess' among the men of which I saw a great deal. They were always ready to help in any good object. As far as I remember they were the most prominent in the very small services that we held on Sunday during the march. They were almost the last men that I saw before I left Buluwayo, when I took them some little addition to their rather scanty 'table.' They were all public schoolmen, and they were all, except Mr. Ralph Batley and Mr. Gisborne, killed at the Shangani River. Their names were Watson, Money, Brown, Kinloch, Vogel. When I last visited them round their camp-fires I little thought that five out of the seven were so soon to leave us. But there were so many men that one would wish to see again that it seems almost invidious to mention any names at all.

I am not in any way speaking of the rights

or wrongs of the beginning of the war, and it may be no business of mine to allude to the subject at all, but I believe that an expedition carried out with greater determination and skill could hardly be imagined. But then there was so unusual a collection of men with which to carry it out. I know that there was a rough element, but most of those in command were in every sense picked men. I suppose it would be difficult to suggest an improvement, as a means to gain an end, on any work undertaken by Dr. Jameson. His skill as a doctor was no greater than his skill as an organizer, and we in Africa could not say more.

And then the system of getting 'seconded' officers from English regiments to take posts of command seems eminently successful. They had the energy that made them leave England for rougher work, and they usually had a good deal besides. There is a particularly happy side of soldiers' life to be seen among the seconded officers in Africa. I do not suppose they are a higher class of soldier than those in any other country under English control, but in Africa their influence for good is a very important factor in the country. Sir Frederick Carrington, Major Gould Adams, Major Forbes,

are names that occur to me as I write. Then there were the retired officers, as Sir John Willoughby and Captain Owen Williams, who did a great deal to keep everything on a high level.

Captain Lendy's name again can never be forgotten among English soldiers in Mashonaland, and it brings to my memory the discussion that rose about his action towards the natives before the Matabele war. The question seemed so simple a one. He was serving under a company. Did he disobey them in doing what he did do? If so, I presume it was their business to deal with the case. If he did not disobey them, but carried out their orders, it is hard to see how he was to blame. If he ever were told to carry out an order that entailed his doing what he did do, he had no alternative between doing what he was told to do, or refusing to do it, or giving up his appointment. Whichever was done, whether it was right or wrong, it can hardly be said that Captain Lendy was responsible. He was such a magnificent specimen of a man that now he is gone I feel that those who valued him should do their share in removing any possible imputation on him.

Having other work to do in Mashonaland, I left Matabeleland soon after the occupation of Buluwayo, and rode down with Mr. Gerald Paget and two despatch riders, Dr. Jameson very kindly lending me a horse. It took rather over four days to ride the two hundred miles from Buluwayo to Macloutsie. I was able to hold a service on the road at Tati, and from there Mr. Gerald Paget and one despatch rider branched off for Palapye. The first part of the journey was tiring and unpleasant. We had to ride all through the night to get as far out of the Matabele country as possible before it was light ; and twice during the next day, when we off-saddled, we were disturbed by seeing natives. I remember when first we tried to stop for any time a conversation, something like this, going on :

1st Speaker : ' This is the way the Prince Imperial was killed.'

2nd Speaker : ' Yes.'

1st Speaker : ' In this country.'

2nd Speaker : ' Yes ; and by these people.'

1st Speaker : ' Yes.'

2nd Speaker : ' Hadn't we better saddle up ?'

1st Speaker : ' Yes.'

And so we came to Macloutsie, where every

one was packed into the fort, having heard that the Matabele were coming on. I knew that this was practically impossible, as we should have seen or heard of their 'impis' on the road had they been near. However, we all slept in the fort, and the Macloutsie officers, as always, were kindness itself. The ride had been tiring, but I had come back into comparative civilization, and it was a great rest to have the next three or four hundred miles in a post-coach before riding across to Umtali and getting back to my work again.

THE END.

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